ad Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
the Lynd "Peace Mission"
—see page 105

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FEBRUARY 8, 1966

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

QUESTION:

Will the Bright Boys Succeed in Rewriting the Recent History of the Dominican Republic?

ANSWER:

It Depends on Whether the Inside Story of The Communist Conspirators There Gets Told

QUESTION:

Where Can You Get the Inside Story?

ANSWER:

On Pages 107-114 in This Issue

Also In This Issue:

JAMES BURNHAM ON THE PARADOXES OF THE U.S. FOREIGN POLICY ♦ NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON ON THE MAN IN THE KITCHEN ♦ FRANCIS RUSSELL ON 'THE LOVED ONE' ♦ PLUS SCHLAMM, KIRK AND MOLNAR

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In This Issue . . .

➔ We zero in on the Dominican Republic, what really happened there last April and later, why the Left wants us to believe that what happened didn't happen and that what didn't happen did, and why it's crucial for American policy to sort it all out and learn somewhat from it. Our bifocal discussion commences with Mr. **Paul Bethel** taking Mr. Theodore Draper to task for a slovenly, biased, and uninformed article in the December *Commentary*. In so doing Mr. Bethel rights the record, as he is greatly qualified to do: he served twelve years in the diplomatic corps, speaks Spanish, was Press Attaché in our embassy in Havana until he resigned, in disgust, after the Bay of Pigs disaster, has been published in many newspapers and magazines, has two books on Cuba to his credit, and is Executive Secretary of the Citizens Committee for a Free Cuba and editor of the authoritative *Latin American Report*. **"J. B. Bender"** is the pen name of a specialist in Latin American affairs who was involved in the Dominican tangle from the beginning. He rips into the question of U.S. neutrality and the Communist threat, the happy hunting grounds of the Left, and concludes with a sketch of what U.S. policy could and should be in Latin America. Along the way he catches the Fulbright crowd in a neat logical trap. But don't count on that stopping 'em. . . . Ladeez and Gentlemen! We inaugurate a new department! Conservatism being the politics of "enjoyment" (*cf.* Lord Hailsham), *NR* will now devote a regular page to Delectations. The First Lady of the epicurean essay, Mrs. **Nika Standen Hazelton,** cookbook author and raconteuse, leads off with a sparkling pasquil against amateur cookery. Enjoy!

➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** evaluates the recent performance of Prof. Staughton Lynd of Yale and Hanoi, finding him guilty of gross indecorousness, punishable by social sanction. . . . The internal contradictions of U.S. foreign policy get a going-over from **James Burnham**, who asks, *e.g.*, How can our right hand signal a NATO rally against Moscow while our left beckons to Moscow for détente? . . . Prof. **Russell Kirk** has spoken with some of those involved in the uproar at St. John's University. Some reform was in order, he says, but he warns that those who demand the absurd receive nothing.

➔ Alas, says **William S. Schlamm**, Barbara Tuchman's *The Proud Tower* is not a portrait of the world before 1914 but a series of brilliantly anecdotal irrelevancies, contrasting harshly with the real Europe, which had an intensely alive and interesting, though partially suicidal mind. . . . The all-seeing **Guy Davenport** remarks three, the least of which is mere scraps of Iris Murdoch's notebooks. Better, but not for the queasy, is Jerzy Kosinski's *agon*-drenched *The Painted Bird*. And charming: three prose pieces of Osip Mandelstam. . . . Prof. **Thomas Molnar**, just back from a fact-finding trip to Rhodesia, reviews the English edition of Jacques Soustelle's *Sur une route nouvelle*, which tears down de Gaulle, but offers little to replace him. . . . **Francis Russell** has proof that Waugh's *The Loved One* can't be done on film. ➔

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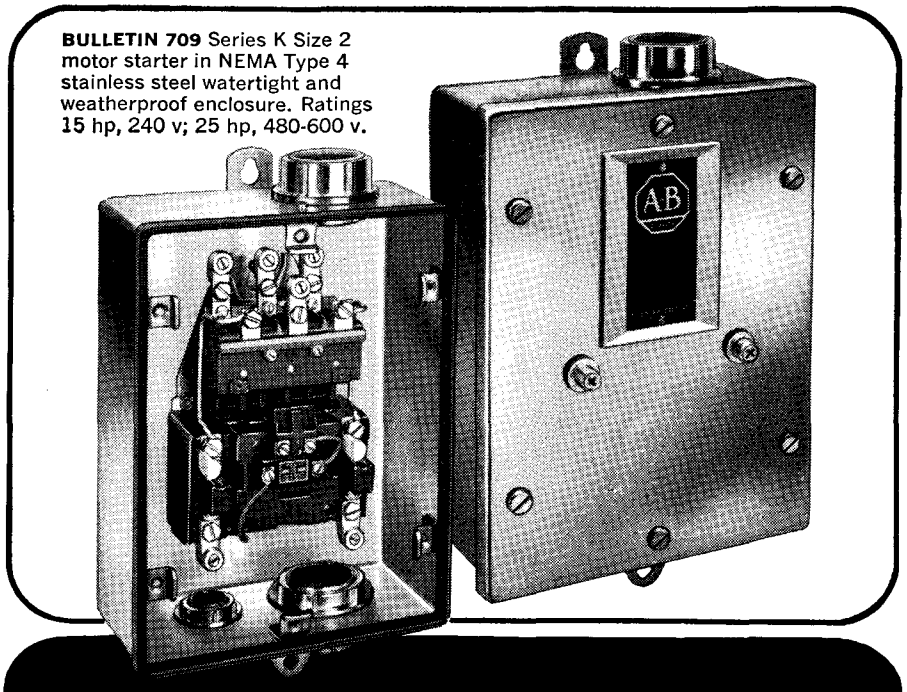

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TO THE EDITOR

The Battle of St. John's

You concede in your editorial, "In th Vulgate" [Jan. 25], the "administratio autocracy and inflexibility" of "provin cial St. John's." Then it should be evider why it is absolutely impossible for facult members to voice their grievances "with out scandal." Force and pressure ar unfortunately, the only dialogue th Vincentians understand. At the sam time, dissatisfied faculty members lac the finances to wait patiently for two o three years while the American Associa tion of University Professors pains takingly conducts an investigation tha will undoubtedly confer censure on S John's.

Your comments on "contract tenure are at one extreme of the spectrum (i.e job security after eighteen months). Th Vincentian view of tenure is at the othe extreme. Some of the 31 dismissed facult members were at St. John's for more tha six years and would have had tenur had they been teaching in another in stitution.

"Professional injury" is not really a issue in the strike; the demand for rein statement is a cry to Heaven for justic rather than a shrill demand that dam ages be repaired. No professor is serious ly hurt by an administrative action tha is grossly stupid and hysterical. Even i the striking faculty members are finall crushed, the Vincentians will be th losers because no educator with integrit would stoop to accept an appointment a St. John's.

The Lauer-O'Reilly variation o "Mater sí, Magistra no" is not a proposi tion that challenges "the constitutiona right of Catholics, as Catholics, to edu cate." What the "feminist" and the "labo priest" are challenging is whether Cath olics who are incompetent have the righ to educate. This point was made clea at a recent meeting of St. John's alumn before which both Dr. Lauer and Fathe O'Reilly spoke. (Incidentally, Dr. Lauer' "Churches and universities don't mix" regarded by some of her supporters a an unfortunate venture in trivialit since it beclouds the real issues behin the present controversy.)

Finally, lest your readers get the im pression that the aggrieved faculty i solely composed of feminists, labo priests, and other Liberal types, pleas note that there are some conservative manning the picket lines. Obvious in justice has a way of bringing Liberal

(Continued on p. 96)

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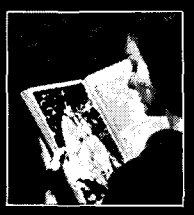

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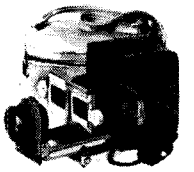

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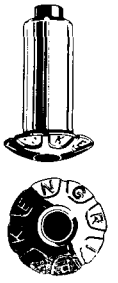

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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 94)

and conservatives together so that they can eventually get back to fighting one another about things that are not so obvious.

THOMAS F. MADER
Dept. of Public Speaking
Amherst, Mass. Amherst College

Schlamm on Beatniks

In the article, "Beauty and the Beatniks" [Jan. 11], Mr. William S. Schlamm states: "Beauty, I have always believed, is the only excuse, and the only compensation, for the stupidity of the young."

Thank you and God bless you, Mr. Schlamm.

MICHAEL D. HOFFMAN
Class of '69
Long Island, N.Y. C. W. Post College

Mr. Schlamm's vivid description of the typical beatnik was so gross in its ugliness, once read could never be forgotten.

It is not only the beatnik. Many of today's young people take a defiant delight in being dirty and dishevelled. Mr. Schlamm says: "Naturally they will soon discover that provocation isn't so hot, either, and so most of them will resignedly turn into normal citizens." But the beatnik life and all it stands for will leave its permanent mark. To have taken part in that way of life shows a lack of self-respect. And believe me, I do believe in rehabilitation.

I find myself wishing that such a wise diagnostician as Mr. Schlamm would dig a layer deeper, to the root of what makes a beatnik or a near-beatnik tick.

Forest Hills, N.Y. MRS. A. E. BONBRAKE

As a longtime reader of NATIONAL REVIEW, I was rather taken aback by the irresponsible attack on Wilhelm Reich by William S. Schlamm ("Beauty and the Beatniks"). No one was more persistent than Reich in warning about the misinterpretation and abuse of his findings by licentious and irresponsible individuals and groups ("freedom peddlers," he called them) for a rationalization of the destructive living-out of their neurotic and often psychotic drives and fantasies. If one is *truly* familiar with orgonomic literature and has a *genuine* understanding of Reich's work he would know this unquestionably, and also that, ironically, Reich's writings in both the scientific and socio-political areas represent the clearest exposition in objective terms of the "danger on the Left" and the affirmation of a rational conservativism in the conduct of life.

It is as absurd to blame Reich for the

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beatniks, Mailers, Kerouacs, Ginzburgs, *et al*, as to blame Christ for the Inquisition. Conservatism, if it is to assert itself properly, must prove itself beyond such spiteful pettiness and illogicality. *Brooklyn, N.Y.*

PAUL MATHEWS

Russians in Church

I was struck by the statement in Arnold Lunn's article ["Reflections on Vatican II," Jan. 11] that "no Russian below the age of 18 may attend Church." Two years ago I attended St. Nicholas Church of the Russian Orthodox faith on a Sunday morning in Leningrad. Those conspicuous by their absence were teen-agers and young adults—that is, those who were being taught in school that God is for the birds and those who, seeking a career, had been forewarned that in a Communist country success and religion do not mix. But children, from infants up to about the age of ten, were there in abundance.

WILLIAM H. EWING

Honolulu, Hawaii Honolulu Star Bulletin

Dale vs. Hazlitt

As the *New York Times*' "kept Keynesian" of Mr. Hazlitt's article in the Dec. 14 issue. I hope you will permit me a couple of comments.

I have long admired Mr. Hazlitt as a penetrating theoretician of economics. though I have not always agreed with him. I find it distressing, therefore, that he has distorted my article in the *Times* Magazine in his critique.

Item. Mr. Hazlitt cites the actual revenue growth of the past five years of $2.8 billion, annual averave, as evidence that my suggested $7 billion or more per annum until 1970 will not materialize. He fails to mention that there have been three tax cuts in the past five years, and that my figure explicitly assumed no tax cut.

Item. My figure of the "built-in" growth of expenditures was precisely that—the growth that is not absolutely certain under present law. The figure is $15 billion, mainly social security. Mr. Hazlitt purposely mixed that up with a figure for the actual growth in total expenditures in the past five years. He is well aware that this was a case of apples and pears.

Item. I did not suggest that there would be a $7 billion "surplus" next year, that is, the budget due a month from this writing. I explicitly said that the President would face extremely difficult choices in that budget. The article was written before it was clear that the entire revenue growth and probably more, would be spoken for by defense and other demands, but it said that there would be very little budgetary leeway next year. It certainly did not

(Continued on p. 129)

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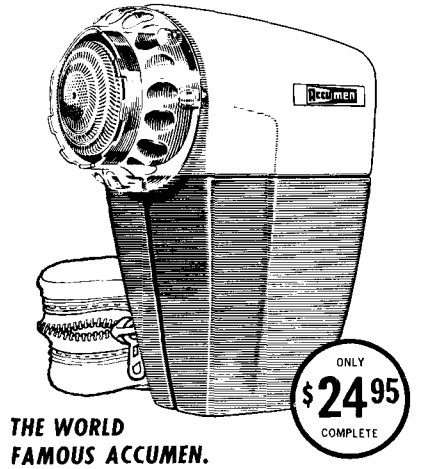
Still more. The ACCUMEN is not just the finest shaver in the world. The optional attachments make it a complete grooming system — among other things. Look at the choice in the coupon and help yourself.



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STEP INTO A NEW WORLD OF ©1966
NR 28 *SHAVING LUXURY-TODAY*

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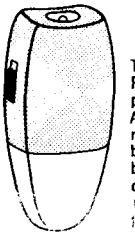

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The WEEK

● This week's solution to the problem of reforming the divorce laws: ban marriage.

● Senator Dirksen and his crew entered the 14(b) fight this year with reinforced firepower: a nationwide poll by Opinion Research Corp. showing the U.S. public against compulsory union membership by margins ranging from 58 to 70 per cent, depending on the aspect of the question. Right-to-work laws are favored by 62 per cent of whites, 55 per cent of Negroes, 49 per cent with eighth-grade schooling or less, 64 per cent of high school grads, 44 per cent of union families, 56 per cent of Democrats, 66 per cent of independents, 72 per cent of Republicans, and between 60 and 64 per cent from North Central and Western to Northeast and Southern. Slice it as you will, repeal of 14(b) is about the worst politics of '66. Dirksen & Co. had a sure thing.

● On the other hand, if we elected the House to a three-year term, the President to a five-year term, and the Senate to a seven-year term, it would only be once in every 105 years that we could run the rascals out.

● Mr. Theodore Kupferman and Mr. Orin Lehman are alphonsing and gastoning their way towards John Lindsay's old congressional seat from the 17th (Silk Stocking) District. Appearing on television to elucidate their differences, the two gentlemen had to agree that there was very little, indeed, to distinguish the Republican from the Democrat. (K was, last week, the R., and L the D., though it is all subject to change.) The whole performance reminds one of the Lindsay mayoral campaign, in which the vilest question that could be asked was, What's the difference between Lindsay and Beame? The Conservative Party had William Buckley asking that question last year, and this year the Conservatives have Mr. Jeffrey St. John, who followed the Tweedle Bros. on that same TV show with a sparkling attack on their twin houses.

● American Vietniks are so pleased with U Thant's performance on the Vietnam war—his public speeches these days sounding like Staughton Lynd at a teach-in—that they want to run him for President in 1968. They figure he can claim eligibility as a World Citizen, and that in any case the UN Charter takes precedence over all national constitutions.

● The soul of Robert G. Thompson departed last autumn to confront a judgment rendered without discrimination by race, color, creed or party affiliation, but his bodily remains continue still active in the service of the blood-soaked world conspiracy to which he devoted all his adult days. In Spain, Thompson did Moscow's work in the International Brigade; in World War II, he did Moscow's work wearing the disguise of an American uniform, and with grotesque irony was given a U.S. Distinguished Service Cross for his defense, as he and Moscow saw it, of the Soviet Union. A fortnight ago, his widow—relying on a law under which anyone with an honorable discharge from the armed services is entitled to burial in the Arlington National Cemetery—stated that Thompson's ashes would be buried in Arlington January 31. In her late husband's fanatic tradition, the widow turned even this announcement into a political assault: asking that the traditional gun salute be omitted because of the "wrong and indecent" use of American guns in Vietnam—those guns that Robert Thompson was so happy to use when shooting at Russia's enemies. The stunned dismay felt by millions of loyal veterans and millions of widows of veterans at the news that a traitor's name would poison the air of our country's central shrine was relieved, for the moment at least, by a Pentagon announcement that the Thompson burial will be postponed. By a happy chance it was found that the law governing eligibility to Arlington contains a clause excluding felons who have been sentenced to more than five years in jail. Thompson, after his conviction in 1949 along with ten other Communist chieftains, served five years and a month in Federal prison for his crimes against this nation and its people.

● Martin Luther King decided he'd run his Chicago crusade from a slum apartment, as a Gesture, but then along came the landlord with mops, brooms and paint and zap! no Gesture. Pretty put out, King went to Birmingham, where things are friendlier. Had he thought of it, surely he might have moved next door, and then next next door, then maybe zap! no slum.

● Although the helicopter served in Korea, it served mostly in rescue work, and Korea was still the war of fixed-wing aviation, even if the Army fly-boys worked from river banks and dusty roads. In Vietnam the helicopter has come of age, taking over the jobs of trucks, tanks, artillery. One little-known measure of the vastly increased role of the helicopter is this: the Army now has 9,000 pilots—as many as the Air Corps had in the early days of the Second World War.

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● "Who murdered General Delgado? No one can say. But Portuguese Premier Salazar had motive and means," asked and answered and leered Sanche de Gramont (*Saturday Evening Post,* Jan. 1). Now, given an accused killer (the Premier of a friendly country) and a victim (a broken, mentally unstable man who fought even with his Communist associates, incidentally the last to see him alive) of such kidney, the article cried out for, and got, an effective portrait for illustration. Caption: "Hung with medals, blotched by sun and time, Dictator Salazar reviews his troops in Lisbon." The medals, the blotches (the effect of illness, as it happens), and the troops were there, and so was Gen. Homem de Melo (Ret.), Portuguese Air Force. Dr. Salazar, however, was not; and Dr. Ramiro Valadao, director of Casa Portugal, took the matter up with *Post* editors. They were "certain" it was Dr. Salazar, but not so certain as to pick up Dr. Valadao's wager of $100,000 that it wasn't. (The *SatEvePost* of Feb. 12 will carry regrets, plus an authentic photograph of Dr. Salazar.)

● Widely unexclaimed in the election of a woman to the Prime Ministry of India: the fact that the Prime Minister of India is now a woman. Taking their cue from Indian calm, Western commentators have gone on about how much cooler towards Red China Mrs. Gandhi is thought to be than her father, Jawaharlal Nehru, or her girlhood mentor, Krishna Menon, and how she proposes to deal with the Shastri deal at Tashkent. Yet not so long ago her people were practicing *suttee.* However, the world turns—caste rather than sex is the factor to be remarked in Mrs. Gandhi's rise. At her level in Indian society sexual prejudice tends to disappear, and Indira, inheriting the great Panditji's massive popularity and power, stands upon the pinnacle of caste. She is also, as for example Eleanor Roosevelt was and Jackie Kennedy is *not,* an accomplished administrator.

● According to a report first carried in *Today in France* and now updated in Eliot Janeway's newspaper column, the unrealistic exchange rate of the South Vietnamese piastre is putting a golden feather in de Gaulle's cap. Thus: U.S. dollars trade officially for 60 piastres. Canny Frenchmen (old Indochina hands) and corrupt Vietnamese traders buy piastres on the black market at 160 to the dollar. One dollar ricocheting back and forth can generate a lot of piastres pure profit, which is eventually taken home to France in dollars. The dollars wind up in the central Bank, which presents them to Washington for redemption in gold. It is, says Janeway, costing us about $300 million a year in gold.

● A dangerous belief that the Tricontinental Congress in Havana was just one more Communist propaganda pow-wow has been bolstered by the emphasis much of the Western press places on the intramural infighting. The fact is the Moscow-Peking split at the TCC was a negligible factor. "Political" delegates played a minor role at this gathering, which was primarily a working session for the activist cadres of the guerrilla and terrorist *apparat.* Havana seems to be emerging as Communist subversion headquarters for Asia, Africa and Latin America. Those founding their hopes on Communist fratricide might attend to this prophecy by Cuban Foreign Minister Raúl Roa: "When the torrent, which is this conference, breaks loose in an avalanche, the imperialists will have no other place to go except to the grave that we will help them dig."

● It Pays To Improve Your Word-Power. The *Reader's Digest* is negotiating to purchase Funk & Wagnalls (dictionary) Co.

History As You Like It

Revised slightly for our Orwellian age, the old saying would read: I care not who makes a nation's laws, so long as I can write its histories. The writing of history has become sculptural art through which the facts are moulded according to the shape of ideological assumptions and political aims. While at the top level the swollen pamphlets of Messrs. Sorensen and Schlesinger prepare the psychic ground for a new New Frontier, lesser workers in adjoining studies are busy with Vietnam, the Dominican Republic and other parts both East and West.

In recent months a slew of journalistic books about last spring's Dominican intervention has appeared. In the December issue of *Commentary* Mr. Theodore Draper, who became known outside his home turf on the social-democratic Left by his articles on Cuba, started an island-hopping expansion of his literary empire by establishing a formidable 55-page Dominican beachhead. This time Mr. Draper is taking no chances on offending pieties of the Left, as he occasionally did by retaining some contact with reality in his portrait of Castro. On Dominica he evidently resolved to turn out a model of democratic Leftism, dedicated to the glory of the Dominican hero-in-absentia, Juan Bosch. The *Commentary* base was quickly enlarged: the Draper article joined between covers with shorter adumbrations of José Figueres, Robert J. Alexander, Norman Thomas and Juan Bosch himself in a Leftward-lunging attack on U.S. deeds and policies.

For a writer with Mr. Draper's pretensions to scholarship, the methodology of the *Commentary* article is curious. Mr. Draper was not in the Dominican Republic when the revolt and the intervention

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took place, nor did he journey there thereafter. He relies, for evidence, primarily on the reports of journalists—inevitably hurried, partial, and hopped up for headlines, even when not distorted by bias, ignorance or preconception—and only on a few of the journalists present, selected from the lot by criteria that remain a mystery. Consider one more example, besides those cited by Paul Bethel, of the typical consequence. Dr. Draper cites James Nelson Goodsell as an authority (i.e. journalist) who gave the U.S.-publicized list of Dominican Communists "a thorough going over," and found many of those named to have been in prison at the time of the coup. Quite so. But what Mr. Draper does not realize is that those very Communists were among the persons immediately let out of prison by the Leftwing rebels (among them the Boschites) and rushed to the broadcasting station to call for a general uprising.

To check these pre-selected journalistic reports, Mr. Draper goes to such "original sources" as the rambling, incoherent monologues of the hysterical Juan Bosch. Moreover, as proof of what U.S. policy actually was (a key point for his verdict) he takes *at face value* the public declarations—in the midst of a continually changing and most delicate crisis—of the President and other high U.S. officials! (It is enough to discourage the ghosts of Thucydides, Machiavelli and Talleyrand.)

Nevertheless, the substance of the Draper account —already implicit in the Left versions from the first days—may well become the accepted history of the Dominican intervention. It would be sad if this came to pass by default of those able to tell with more accuracy and less partisan intent than Mr. Draper what really happened. It is with the hope that the true record may disrupt a little the progress of the myth that we publish in this issue the article by Paul Bethel and J. B. Bender—who, unlike Mr. Draper, know, and know directly, what they are talking about.

The Dominican crisis continues, of course, unresolved—precisely because those who think as Mr. Draper do were able to move in quickly enough to block the intervention from carrying its mission to its logical conclusion in the liquidation of the Communist groups. Ever since, the factions within the U.S. and OAS have been feuding in parallel with the battling factions of the Dominicans. Mr. Draper and the Left jeer that "there are more Communists now than at the moment of intervention." Quite true: because the task of negating them was diverted and sabotaged by *our* Left, by the friends and admirers of Juan Bosch, whose liaison with the Communists both before and after the uprising has once again been confirmed by testimony just released by the Internal Security Subcommittee.

And a note in conclusion: at the Tricontinental Congress (held in Havana, Jan. 3-14) called to integrate revolutionary operations in Asia, Africa and Latin America, and to set up an active coordinating center, the Dominican Communists had one of the largest delegations. Five of seven accredited Dominican Communist delegates (among them Cayetano Rodríguez del Prado of the Peking-oriented MPD, gun-runner and propaganda specialist, and Asrubel Dominguez Guerrero of the Moscow-oriented PSPD, who led the armed unit that seized the offices of the newspaper *Listin Diario*) were active participants in last April's revolt.

The Proliferation Problem

Washington, Jan. 18. "Senator Robert F. Kennedy, Democrat of New York, who in the last session delivered two major speeches on the proliferation problem, said the Pastore resolution represented 'a historical initiative' that should be followed by action at the highest levels of the government."—*The New York Times.*

New York, Jan. 19. "In a brief speech at 14th Street and First Avenue, Mr. Kennedy, who had flown in from Washington for the tour, praised Mr. Lehman as a man of integrity and courage."—*Ibid.*

Wellsville, N.Y., Jan. 19. "In this village of 5,700 the Senator . . . had the political pleasure of telling local officials that a special Appalachia grant of $300,000 for the municipal hospital had been virtually assured."—*Ibid.*

New York, Jan. 20. "Mr. Kennedy told a luncheon of the Entertainment Division of the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies that unless the fight against racial and economic inequity was speeded 'we can expect . . . continuing crises in the management of our cities. . .' "—*Ibid.*

New York, Jan. 20. "Among the reforms he urged were reduction of the voting age to 18 and abolition of the literacy test for voters. . . . The Senator addressed his proposals at a hearing before the New York State Joint Legislative Committee on the Election Law at 270 Broadway."—*Ibid.*

New York, Jan. 21. "In the second of three speeches on the urban Negro he is delivering here this week the Senator proposed a nine-point program . . ."—*Ibid.*

Boston, Jan. 22. "Senator Kennedy, who left the dinner early to attend another function in New York, paid handsome tribute to Mr. O'Donnell."—*Ibid.*

New York, Jan. 22. "Senator Robert F. Kennedy plans to confer this week with a leader [the Reverend Peter O'Reilly] of the United Federation of College Teachers, which is striking at St. John's University, and has said he would also like to talk with the University administration. . . . Both men addressed

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Focus on WASHINGTON

There were few surprises in the President's State of the Union address, but those few were whoppers. For sheer audacity nothing in the State of Union compares with the President's bland assertion that the deficit for fiscal 1967 will be only $1.8 billion. To set the record straight came not Senator Dirksen, not Rep. Ford, but Sen. John J. Williams (R., Del.), the talent scout who discovered Bobby Baker. Noting that the President has requested "truth in packaging" and "truth in lending" legislation, Sen. Williams proposed a little "truth in government." By the Treasury Department's own figures, he revealed, the true deficit for fiscal 1967 will be $9.2 billion, not $1.8 billion. To arrive at his low figure, the President had to include a seigniorage windfall resulting from the introduction of a silverless coinage, as well as monies expected as a result of the acceleration of individual withholding taxes and corporate taxes—all non-recurring items. "This is the same as borrowing on next week's salary to pay this week's grocery bills," said the Senator.

◆ The gloomy Mansfield report sounds optimistic compared to some private estimates of the Viet war. Even the hawks are brooding. One knowledgeable hawk roosting in the Senate believes this jungle war could easily swallow our entire sixteen-division Army. Hard intelligence (he says) indicates the Communists are eager to keep the war going. Indeed, to suck us deeper and deeper into it is more important to them than victory, because the war is fought on their terms, on ground of their choosing, at maximum disadvantage to us. The North's arms are now overwhelmingly Russian, and automatic weapons, large mortars and flame throwers are appearing. They are escalating faster than we, and this is leading to the conventional Asian land war that our strategists have always warned against. These are the reasons why the GOP has muted its call to carry the war north.

◆ Part II of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee's Otepka hearings, released last month, dropped another potential bombshell which the press dutifully ignored. Raymond A. Loughton, a Department of State security officer, testified that in 1961-62 he was assigned to the review of "high-ranking officers of the Department of State" and "prospective Presidential appointees." Of "about 100 top level" files pulled for review, "about 20 per cent we found needed a complete reworking, a reevaluation" due to information within their files. Committee Counsel J. G. Sourwine asked: "Was this information of a nature to indicate that the individuals concerned were or might be security risks?" Mr. Loughton's reply: "Yes, sir." State ordered the investigations abandoned in January 1962, and Mr. Loughton was "reassigned."

◆ Sen. Edward V. Long's administrative procedures subcommittee is cranking up for some further examinations of bureaucratic evils. Last year, the subcommittee exposed such scandals as bugged conference rooms with two-way mirrors in IRS offices, breaking and entering by IRS agents, wiretaps, bugs, radios on agents, illegal seizure of records, opening first-class mail, paid informants, harassment of lawyers whose clients are in trouble with IRS, illegal seizure of records, *ad infinitum*. (One of IRS's cuter tricks was to tap public pay phones in the vicinity of IRS offices.)

◆ South Carolina Republicans, being decidedly in the minority, face a problem in getting candidates to run for state positions on the GOP ticket, and then getting them elected. In addition, state election laws frustrate the GOP. To correct this situation, the GOP is talking privately (and may talk publicly in a couple of months) about eliminating party primaries for state offices. Any candidate could file, as a party nominee or as an independent—and the top two vote-getters would then have a runoff. This would allow the Republicans to concentrate on a few candidates who have a chance of winning. Normally the Democrats would not be interested in helping the GOP, but in this case they have their own problem: fear that the growing Negro registration, which is almost entirely in the Democratic party, will give Negroes the balance of power in a Democratic primary. A Negro victory in a Democratic primary would almost certainly end in Democratic defeat in the general election, so that Democrats and Republicans alike may become more interested in this election "reform."

CATO

1,200 delegates at a United Auto Workers dinner here."—*Ibid.*

New York, Jan. 23. "Senator Robert F. Kennedy said that he had been working for more than a year on a Bronx park project that Mayor Lindsay publicized on Saturday as a city development."—*Ibid.*

And on the seventh day he rested—in the *New York Times*. Jan. 24. "Sen. Kennedy, who complained a month ago that the state is not tapping all the available Federal funds for mental health programs, took the reverse view on the rail question. He said . . ."—*New York Herald Tribune.*

LBJ's Amendment

As in the late Empire every tyrant set his name to a gate, or an arch, or a decree, so we seem to be drifting towards the day when every President wants "his" Constitutional Amendment. The Johnson Amendment, as proposed in the recent message to Congress, would provide that the members of the House of Representatives be elected to four-year terms to run concurrently with the Presidential term.

Superficially it looks good: a little less campaigning

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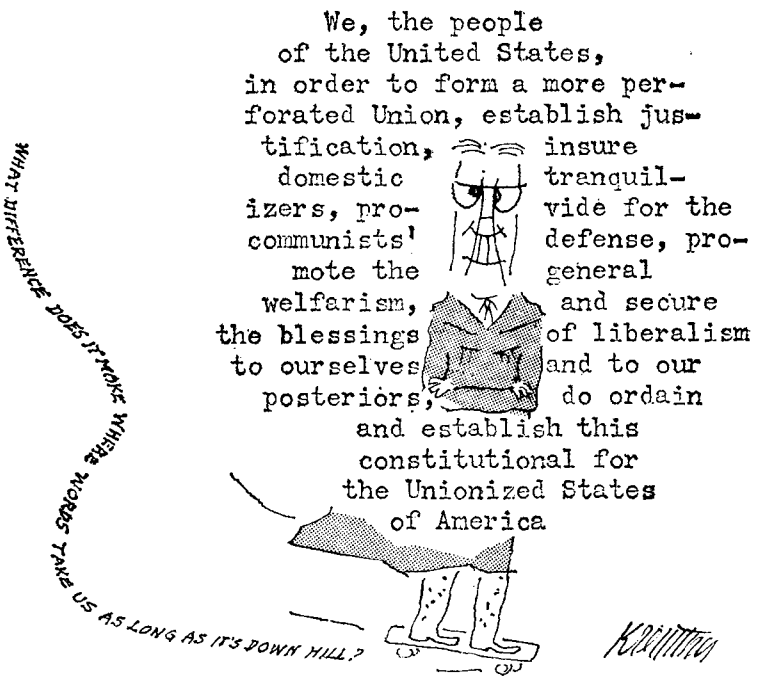
We, the people
of the United States,
in order to form a more per-
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domestic tranquil-
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communists' defense, pro-
mote the general
welfarism, and secure
the blessings of liberalism
to ourselves and to our
posteriors, do ordain
and establish this
constitutional for
the Unionized States
of America
WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE WHERE WARS TAKE US AS LONG AS IT'S DOWN HILL?

"Any similarity between Eighteenth-Century Archaic and Warrenese Skateboard is strictly for the birds and is not to be used in any way as a deterrent to repeal of 14(b)!"

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might be done, a little less money spent, and a little more governing—though we're not entirely pleased with the concealed premise that a congressman's effort to instruct and commune with his constituents is necessarily a step towards bad governance, or that the thing we need most is increased governing.

Beneath the surface, however, the Johnson proposal carries a dose of a poison that might be fatal to *both* branches of Congress. With its entire membership being swept into office in a Presidential year, and without recourse to second-thoughts in midterm, the chances are that the House would lose even the slight independence it has preserved to this date. The four-year House term would give the White House four uninterrupted years in which to sanctify its friends and anathematize its enemies. It works both ways.

As proposed, the Amendment would allow House members in mid-term to take a crack at a Senate seat without jeopardizing their House posts. The Senate will not accept this, but it might swallow an amendment providing against such political buccaneering. Even if the Senate gets that much, it still remains in grave danger of losing its independence. Here the trouble would be that in the non-Presidential years the only federal posts up for grabs would be the 33 or 34 Senate seats. Thus, every four years, one-third of the Senate would stand exposed to the searchingest glare of publicity, and the amount of political and financial power that might be concentrated on those mere 33 seats is awesome. Three elections like that, and the Senate would belong almost completely in the hip pocket of those who wield—or him who wields—the power at the moment.

An Inflated Bond

It was a scene exactly out of Allen Drury's novel, *A Shade of Difference*: the representatives of 15 African nations plus a few suitably chosen American guests (Dr. Martin Luther King and Harry Belafonte most notably) met for a luncheon in a private dining room of the United Nations, to do honor to young Julian Bond, and to publicize the demand for his reinstatement in the Georgia legislature (and for his right, in passing, to denounce his country and his country's policies in any terms that suit his fancy). UN delegate Achkar Marof of that pillar of democracy, Guinea, presided; and other nations there present were such famed defenders of civil rights as Tanzania, Algeria, UAR, Mali, Congo (Brazzaville), the Sudan, and Nigeria (ah, yes, Nigeria was not too busy to attend, though having a few troubles of its own, such as the assassination of its three top officials, at the time).

And that ad, enough to wring the heart of a statue, sprung so quickly to the pages of the *New York Times*, with the usual names, from Wm. Fitts Ryan to Bayard Rustin, Ben Shahn to Dagmar Wilson, weeping over the stabbing of Free Speech by the dastards of the Georgia House. (But no tears for the countrymen dying in Vietnam to preserve the freedom Julian Bond so recklessly abuses, or to protest the tortures and terror of the Vietcong.)

One may question the prudence of the Georgia legislature in refusing to seat Bond (while simultaneously accepting seven other elected Negroes) by exercising its right to pass on the eligibility of its own members (a right constitutionally possessed by every legislature, but rarely used except to correct frauds in the electoral process; used last in this country by the New York legislature in the early 1920s against several socialists with anti-war records). But a responsible citizen cannot condemn the proper indignation felt by the legislators at Bond's provocations (his public "admiration" for draft-card burners, his unqualified public support of SNCC's shameful declaration on the Vietnam war), nor doubt the glee with which our enemies are exploiting this dilemma opened by our tolerant ways, nor look with anything better than contempt on the manner in which our sensationalist communications media megaphone into a world scandal this essentially minor and local episode.

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NYC TRANSIT STRIKE CAUSES DISASTER TO RIGHT-WING 'BIBLE'

National Review Goes to Press for First Time in History with Page Missing from Magazine

LAST MINUTE EFFORTS FAIL

Presses Roll before Misplaced Copy Reaches Printer because of Huge Traffic Snarls

By Robert M. Patrick
(Our Special Correspondent)

NEW YORK CITY, Monday—The first Public Transit Strike in New York's history caused unbelievable traffic tie-ups and staggering losses to business and industry.

As many as a million cars and trucks a day jammed the highways in and out of the world's largest city, creeping bumper-to-bumper for hours morning and night.

Trains and commuter buses ran far behind schedules, and left thousands standing at stations because of capacity loads. Mail and delivery services were erratic with delays ranging from hours to days.

Messenger Still Missing

National Review magazine, the nation's leading conservative publication, was especially hard-hit by the disaster. With most editorial and advertising pages falling behind schedule, night shifts had to be added to meet the printer's deadline.

These heroic back-to-the-wall efforts were successful in all cases but one.

Page 103 of the February 8 issue was the last to leave *National Review's* offices. It failed to arrive in time at the printer, and the presses had to roll without it. (So far all efforts to locate the messenger dispatched with the page have failed.)

Officials Won't Comment

The magazine's publisher and most other officials were unavailable for comment.

Mr. Richmond Davis, editorial assistant responsible for the missing page, was reached against a wall in Grand Central Station, where he was pressed for a statement.

DAVIS RISES ABOVE pressing crowds of commuters in Grand Central Station to display copy of National Review with page 103 missing. The handy insert card is plainly visible next to blank page.

"What can I say?" Davis shouted over the din made by thousands of commuters waiting to board trains. "I'm looking for the messenger now—but it's too late, as you can easily see for yourself." Davis held up a rumpled copy of the issue, indicating the blank page.

Over 50 Reasons Listed

Couldn't you have inserted some kind of filler? Davis was queried.

"What, *National Review?*" Davis responded hotly. "We don't use fillers, Buddy. Not at NR! It's the real thing or nothing for us. I can see you're not a regular reader!" Davis added.

What was scheduled to go on page 103?

"That's the *tragedy,*" he moaned. "It was a great page—one of the best we've ever done. See, it was a brilliant ad idea, outlining in crisp, moving prose each and every good reason—there were about 50. I think—why you should subscribe to *National Review.* Then there were another 50 or so reasons that would convince anybody who *does* subscribe to run right out and convert some friend or relative into a new subscriber."

"If I'm not mistaken," Davis continued, pressing a little more firmly against the concourse wall, "there was also a card that was supposed to face that page, so that all our readers would have to do to respond was tear it out and mail it that very day. We believe in making things as easy as possible for our friends—after all, they do a lot for us."

HAS ANYONE SEEN MY HUSBAND? Missing 2 days. Last seen carrying copy to printer. Important message waiting for him. —Mrs. Garcia

Couldn't the ad be run at a later date?

"Well, aah, no," Davis countered glumly. "I'm afraid the only carbon got lost too—*I* didn't do it, you understand! And the copywriter swears—you can quote me, there's a hell of a lot of swearing going on in New York right now—he swears he could *never* get all those terrific reasons for subscribing-to-*National-Review*-right-now-by-using-the-card-facing-this-page-today down on paper again. The original was just so good, it took too much out of him. That plus walking 46 blocks to and from work every day, he's exhausted."

What did he think the result would be? "The *loyal* ones will use the card facing this page *anyway,*" Davis snarled. "You just wait and see! They already know that NR is the best magazine in America today—and they're willing to recommend us to their friends, too."

Power Failure Overlooked

"Of course," he added smugly, "anyone who is *not yet* a subscriber himself would be some kind of a *nut* if he didn't use this handy card. We don't have many nuts around NR," he concluded darkly.

"One final question," I said. "Was the transit strike worse than the Big Blackout?"

"What blackout?" Davis inquired dimly.

"Why, the power failure last November that blacked-out the entire Northeast!" I said.

"I'm afraid I can't shed much light on that," Davis retorted. "Now if you'll excuse me, I think I spy that messenger."

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Get the Image?

Surely there was no greater symbol of civic esprit than the running TV shots of Mayor Lindsay's four-mile hike to City Hall during the long transport strike. Was there anyone in New York City who didn't admire this man's ability to rise above vicissitude with vigor? He inspired millions to walk to work over the long miles of hard pavement—those who were young and healthy. Whether he inspired thousands of businessmen to settle their headquarters in this city of vigorous hikers who can rise above challenge to greatness, one cannot say as yet.

For sheer direct impact nothing could compare with the pictures of Mayor and Mrs. Lindsay picking up trash in a vacant lot in the Bronx and handing it to the garbage collector as a first symbolic step towards the creation of a new playground. There was a fine action shot of the Mayor tossing a football amid the trash, and several smiling men were in the background. It is hoped that some day not grown men but laughing children will be using the new play area; perhaps all the youngsters who have been retreating from the city into the suburbs will come back, now that we have a new park.

That was a marvelous thing, the Mayor shoveling snow in Brooklyn. Every snow-shoveler in the city could feel a sense of union and community grace in that act. It made almost everyone feel good. One exception was the Water Commissioner, who sadly wondered why more snow hasn't been falling upstate on the city's reservoirs, which, at current rates, are scheduled to run bone dry next autumn.

But there was comfort aplenty for anyone who stuck to his newspaper and his television screen, and is happy to forget about minor problems like deficits, racial conflict, schools and crime. New York has a vigorous, imaginative, hard-working Mayor, and anyone who doesn't get the picture should probably call in the repairman to fix that distorted image.

Silver Coin Hoarding

Mr. Herbert Bardes of the *New York Times* let loose on January 16 and again on January 23 against hoarders of silver coin, who, said he, were misguided souls unlikely ever to profit much from their squirreling. Citing the experience of the 1892 Columbian Exposition commemorative half dollar as against the immense quantities of more recent silver coin mintings, Bardes concludes that there's little promise of spectacular profit here.

However: with the price of silver at $1.29 an ounce, the silver coins are almost worth their face value as metal, and those who care to play with their money can gamble very easily on an increase in the world price of silver as soon as the Treasury stops dumping.

How soon may that be? Well, the Treasury started retiring its silver certificates a couple of years ago. From mid-1964 to year-end 1965 it withdrew $900 million of silver certificates (principally the old $1 bills) from circulation, replacing them with Federal Reserve Notes. This released, for general purposes, $900 million of silver bullion which had been kept on reserve to "back" the silver certificates. What with coinage and dumping (to prevent the market price of silver from going above $1.29), the Treasury's squirreling netted barely $400 million of this newly released bullion. When the new silverless coins were introduced late last summer, the "free reserves" of silver started a decline that shows signs of accelerating even while silver coinage no longer is a factor in drawing down the Treasury silver stocks. The amount of subsidiary coinage in general circulation used to increase about 4.75 per cent a year. It increased 6.4 per cent in 1962; 7.5 per cent in 1963; 14.5 per cent in 1964; 28.4 per cent in 1965.

It seems likely that the U.S. silver coinage will disappear almost entirely before this year is out, whether the Treasury keeps the market price at $1.29 an ounce or not. There could be a coin shortage if the new silverless "sandwiches" aren't brought out

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in a tidal wave of minting. Once the silver coinage is gone, a final run on the Treasury's silver bullion will ensue. When the Treasury stops selling, the price of silver goes up, and a U.S. silver coin will be found to be worth more as metal, or as an oddity, or as an epitaph to Alexander Hamilton, than as a substitute for the cupronickel sandwiches that Mr. Bardes finds indistinguishable.

On the Right

The Mission of Staughton Lynd

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

1) Why all the publicity? Mr. Staughton Lynd is not himself objectively important. He is an assistant professor of history at Yale University, of which there are others who are non-kook and, therefore, blissfully unnewsworthy. His traveling companions were a) Herbert Aptheker, the Marxist historian regularly identified as the "chief theoretician" of the CPUSA who is, for the professionals, not uninteresting. Aptheker's ideological works are a little vein off the mother lode of Communist theory, a little vein which, if you hack away at it, will help you eke out a living as a student of Communist theory. And b) Tom Hayden, a dryasdust young ideologue of haggard mien who revolutionizes before breakfast every morning.

Buckley

And it isn't as if they had come back with anything. They were received by the leaders of the Communist totalitarian state they visited, and they exchanged the usual ideological objurgations, none of them of any particular novelty or interest. Would a priest have got headlines if he had come back from seeing the Pope, called a press conference, and announced that he had said to the Pope, *"Dominus vobiscum,"* and the Pope had replied, *"Et cum spiritu tuo?"*

2) What about sanctions against them? Well, in inverse order of importance there is, we suppose, the question of Mr. Lynd's absence from Yale University during a week when he was supposed to be teaching classes. No doubt some alumni will write in and say that they are paying good money for professors to teach their sons, not to go globe-trotting during class periods. A lumbering point, considering that most Yale alumni would be delighted if Professor Lynd had stayed away during the entire semester; and at any rate, one for the authorities of Yale to settle.

The other questions are of public concern. There is a law on the books, the Logan Act, passed in the earliest days of the Republic, which makes it an offense for an individual to negotiate with a foreign government. There have never been any prosecutions under that law, primarily because the law can be construed either so loosely as to be dangerous to anyone who writes a Christmas card to Mao Tse-tung, or so narrowly as to apply to practically no one at all. Specifically, the law "prohibits any correspondence or intercourse with any foreign government or any officer or agent thereof with intent to influence the measures of conduct of any government in relation to any disputes or controversies with the U.S., or to defeat the measures of the U.S."

To Go or Not to Go

There is no doubt that Lynd *et al* had such intercourse with a foreign government, and that the purpose of that intercourse was to defeat the present measures of our government, which are to prevent said foreign government from conquering its southern neighbor. But, of course, Lynd *et al* would contend at the trial that the United States' grander purpose, as enunciated by Lyndon Johnson, is to bring peace and justice to the general area, and that that is what Lynd *et al* went over there to do, tra la la. Sure, if we were jurors we'd vote guilty with a clean conscience, but Hamlet over there would probably vote not guilty.

There is, finally, the passport law. Contrary to popular opinion, the Supreme Court's invalidation of the passport provisions of the McCarran Act does not result in everyone's having permission to go anywhere. The State Department is still permitted to exclude certain areas of the world, on the grounds of national policy. And one of those places it has quite naturally excluded is the area from which the forces are being drawn to wage war against American soldiers.

However, there is a philosophical ambivalence towards that law which tends to impede its usefulness. William Worthy, the journalist, was successfully prosecuted under the terms of the law, and some of the students who went to Cuba a year and a half ago are being prosecuted. But Americans can never be happy at the curtailment of a man's freedom to travel. It would be different if we were formally at war . . .

3) What, indeed, is the official relationship between ours and the North Vietnamese Government? There never has been a diplomatic relationship. The de facto relationship has been one of escalating hostility, and we nowadays count it a day lost when we do not deposit several tons of dynamite on the North Vietnamese countryside. Yet we are not at war, in the constitutionally defined sense of that term, because Congress has not so labeled it.

The resulting confusion is considerable. In point of fact, Lynd *et al* have been giving aid and comfort to the enemy. In point of fact, they are not traitors, and legal sanctions, as distinguished from social sanctions, are inadmissible. Will the social sanctions be forthcoming?

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The Third World War

Can the President Square the Circle?

JAMES BURNHAM

Late last autumn, not long after taking up his post as U.S. Permanent Representative on the NATO Council, Harlan Cleveland (former Asst. Secretary of State for UN affairs) addressed the American Club of Paris. Considering the context of his new duties, his text, which was featured in the official *Dept. of State Bulletin*, suggests curious problems of logic.

Burnham

Ambassador Cleveland's mission is to attempt to save NATO: to halt the dissolution that set in several years ago and to revivify the strength and purpose of the Atlantic Alliance. And no one will deny that NATO needs a lot of saving. To this purpose Amb. Cleveland's speech does indeed make reference. ("A very important chunk of our strength — something like a third of our defense budget, for a start—is devoted to the North Atlantic alliance. . . . We can be sure that Atlantic cooperation will grow because it has to grow to serve the interests of the Atlantic nations.") But he directs a longer and more enthusiastic portion of his prose to a topic that plainly interests him more keenly: the "designs for durable bridges between the North Atlantic world and Eastern Europe."

Amb. Cleveland—who is expressing official policy of the Department and the Administration—explains his grounds for believing those bridges can be built. "The world has changed quite a bit since NATO was first established," and "the most significant change of all . . . is the beginning of the Soviet Union's conversion from ambitious outlaw to responsible citizen of the world community. We have more reason now than in 1949 to hope that a more liberal and more humane society is in the making in the Soviet Union; that the Soviet regime has less lurid, more realistic external ambitions than Stalin had; . . . that the Soviets more readily perceive than they did before the fact, as General Eisenhower used to say, that 'there is no alternative to peace.' "

Therefore "we hope — and work hard—for more cooperative relations with the Soviet Union. . . . If we have not reached a *détente* in East-West affairs, it is not because we do not want to."

But if Moscow believes "there is no alternative to peace," if the Soviet Union is becoming a "responsible citizen of the world community," why NATO? NATO is a military alliance—more than that, an integrated military organization (until de Gaulle began taking it apart) with a unified Supreme Command—founded for the precise purpose of countering the Soviet Union's aggressive and warlike aims, as Amb. Cleveland discreetly acknowledges ("The North Atlantic alliance was organized to fight off a European aggressor."). Why should the European members of NATO accept the cost and inconvenience of the NATO setup, the stationing of foreign troops on their soil, the diminution of sovereignty that NATO entails (for all members except the imperial sponsor), if there no longer *is* a European aggressor?

What's the Sweat?

To that question there is no convincing answer. The truth is that the only adequate motivation to NATO was and is the Soviet threat. So Amb. Cleveland (and the Administration for which he speaks) is giving two contradictory messages, and advocating two irreconcilably conflicting courses of action. If Moscow is softening up, there is no reason for Europeans to get into a sweat about NATO. If U.S. policy is all-out for *détente* with the Soviet Union, there is no reason for Europeans to tighten ranks around the U.S. in an enterprise the sole purpose of which is to fight off the Soviet Union.

General de Gaulle, in the French manner, has drawn the logical conclusions from the U.S. estimate. Since the Soviet threat is no longer acute, he will no longer accept the restrictions of an integrated NATO with a unified command; any Atlantic military grouping will have to be only a traditional, limited alliance of sovereign peers. Since the Soviet regime is now sufficiently improved to justify seeking its friendship and trade, he will try to get his own country inside the Kremlin gates before the rest of the crowd. Why not? *If* the U.S. estimate is correct, how can one criticize de Gaulle?

Texas-Size Logic

The clash between our pro-NATO and our pro-*détente* lines is not the only contradiction in U.S. foreign policy. Our nuclear proposals, for another example, are also contradictory. We are willing to share nuclear arms with our allies; but we insist on keeping unilateral control over their use. Of course a weapon is not a weapon if you can't use it. We tried to hide this contradiction under the complicated formulae of "Multilateral Nuclear Force," but everyone knew that was a fake, and it quietly slipped out of sight. Right now we attempt to divert others, and ourselves, from the underlying issue by agitating about a technologically impossible anti-proliferation agreement. And there is, if not strictly a contradiction, a manifest internal absurdity in the President's wish to be, and to be known as, both the prince-of-peace and Horatio-at-the bridge in relation to Southeast Asia.

It is in the nature of a democratic society to try to combine and reconcile conflicting groups and points of view, and this trait extends to the conduct of foreign policy. It is normal, and sometimes advantageous, that a democratic foreign policy should be a mixed salad. But in the end even the best of democrats cannot say both A and not-A, cannot hang on to both halves of a contradiction.—Still, you never know about a Texan.

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Dominican Intervention: The Myths

A former U.S. diplomat who covered the Dominican uprising for the Mutual network contests the Draper finding that there was no Communist threat

PAUL D. BETHEL

That the Johnson Administration in particular and our press in general are made up of liars, fools and knaves is the burden of a long article by Theodore Draper on U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic last April. The article, first published in the December issue of *Commentary*, is included along with pieces by Juan Bosch, José Figueres, Robert J. Alexander and Norman Thomas in a small volume — *Dominican Republic: A Study in the New Imperialism*"—that is a kind of manifesto of the "democratic Left," directed especially to the campuses. (The initiator of this volume is understood to be Sascha Vollman, who at one time ran, in Figueres' Costa Rica, a labor-training school noted principally for its anti-American atmosphere. The "Dr." customarily attached to Juan Bosch's name derives from a degree granted by this seat of learning, where he was teaching at the time, and would seem to make him rather less of a "Dr." than Lyndon Johnson.)

What first strikes the reader of Mr. Draper's article is the arrogance and intolerance with which a certain brand of Liberal views those who disagree with him. And Draper's is, to use a colloquialism, a bitchy, nit-picking performance. Paint silver and gold those who agree with you. Paint dead black those who do not.

For example, in discussing "efforts" of the Johnson Administration "to make the idea of a Communist take-over of the pro-Bosch revolt convincing," he writes of Eric Sevareid: "But if I were awarding a grand prize, it would go to Eric Sevareid." Statements and articles by Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Under Secretary of State Thomas Mann, Selden Rodman of *Reporter*, Howard Handleman of *U.S. News & World Report*, Raymond Moley of *Newsweek*, Ambassador Tapley Bennett, and others are ridiculed for judging the Communist menace to be real.

"The *reductio ad absurdum* of these intellectual monstrosities is that the Administration's defenders were forced to flaunt the specter of Communist supermen." Draper *dixit*.

He counters the beliefs of these intellectual monsters by throwing rose buds at "a small group of perceptive and courageous journalists who were faithful to the highest standards of their craft." As might be supposed, these gentlemen agree with Mr. Draper. Rather, they agree with each other. "It is not often that journalists can be said to have saved the honor of their country," says Draper, adding that "in this Dominican crisis, the best and worst of American journalism was [sic] manifested—but the worst is far less a stranger [to whom?] than the best." The stark truth is that Mr. Draper's thesis on the Dominican revolt and U.S. intervention is based almost entirely on accounts of those who agree with him.

Draper Favors Bosch

Draper quotes extensively from reporters "who had access to official documents," but completely ignores the documents of the fact-finding commission of the Organization of American States. Draper puts more faith in the statements of deposed President Juan Bosch than in our own government: e.g.: "In a private letter to me, Bosch has added that both the U.S. air and naval attachés began on Saturday evening to 'order' the Dominican air force, navy . . . According to Bosch, an embassy attaché ordered the Dominican general to have two air squadrons ready to bomb the city early Sunday morning. . . ."

Juan Bosch can hardly be considered an unbiased source. What's more, Bosch was not even in the Dominican Republic at any time during the events. Yet, Draper accuses Tapley Bennett, our ambassador to the Dominican Republic, of giving out "contaminated news"!

I will start with this "contaminated news" aspect of Mr. Draper's briefs because of his claim that "government officials and the press play a game of politics and propaganda . . . officials hand out privileged information to favored journalists," using them as transmission belts for "juicy tidbits" about Bosch's tie-up with the Communists. He adds flatly that these correspondents "were, of course, in no position to check their source."

Among the "contaminated news" items, he cites Ambassador Bennett's first press conference the night of April 29. Since I was one of the handful of correspondents at that celebrated encounter, a comparison of notes is in order. Mr. Draper was not there, nor did he journey to Santo Domingo at all.

According to Draper, the U.S. Ambassador regaled the correspondents with "atrocity stories, rebels shooting people . . . several heads passed around on poles." Ambassador Bennett did, indeed, give an account of rebel excesses. Contrary to Mr. Draper's assertion, no reference was made to "heads passed around on poles." The accurate account of what the Ambassador said was that he had a report that someone had been beheaded and his head stuck atop a pole.

As for correspondents being, "of course, in no position to check their sources," I did. Here is what the log of a Panamanian ship (tied up at the docks in rebel-held territory from April 24, the day the revolt broke out, until April 30) had to say about Ambassador Bennett's "contaminated news":

> 24/4/65: 1300 hours: The ship's cook informed me that there were rumors of a *coup* against the triumvirate, although he had nothing concrete. I sent Adolis Cobos into the downtown section to see if he could find more information. He had difficulty making his way through the streets be-

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cause the mobs were congregating. It is important to note that they were happy because the triumvirate was immensely unpopular. . . .

1430 hours: Radio Santo Domingo commenced to incite the people to run out into the streets and shout for the "return of constitutionality with Juan Bosch as President."

I left the ship and went in the car to see the situation with my own eyes. The mobs were in the streets, and the influence of the Communists was notable everywhere. I returned to the ship to make certain it was not sacked by mobs.

25/4/65: 0830 hours: A portion of the military are with the rebels because some believe that there has been a military coup which will be followed by elections within 90 days . . . Commodore Rivera Camiñero is said by Radio Santo Domingo to have cast his lot with the rebels. . . . Even the National Police are indecisive, and freed the prisoners, who were transported to Radio Santo Domingo where they harangue the people to join the revolt . . . much of the military doesn't know which side it is on because of conflicting reports. . . .

1430 hours: I went out again in the car and saw cars and trucks being burned by the mobs at the entrance to the Duarte bridge to prevent the Wessin y Wessin forces from entering the city. *The mobs now are in control, and the sacking, the rapes, the robbing and killing are uncontrollable.* Lacking leadership, the police retired to their barracks, and the mobs, under the able direction of Communist cadres, are occupying the center of the city, street by street.

1800 hours: A policeman was killed, *his head put on a long stick, and it is being paraded around the neighborhood to incite the mobs.* . . . (My italics—P.B.)

Draper's flat statement which echoed those made by his informants that "none of these atrocity stories turned out to be true" is grossly in error. He also says: "When the correspondents were able to see for themselves and talk to Dominicans in the street, they quickly learned that the mass executions and cries of *Paredon,* had never taken place." That also is in error.

A Scottish photographer who landed with us on April 29 went immediately into the center of the city. He returned, after being held for a period as a "Yankee spy" by the rebels, sickened by what he had seen. He had counted 90 bodies in just one block. Yet, Barnard Collier, Draper's source, is quoted as saying that when he went into the city he found "no more than six to ten bodies in the streets at one time." He most probably did not, since Collier's trip into the city came later than the Scottish photographer's and about ten days after the tour of the rebel zone by the captain of the Panamanian vessel.

Yet, there were opportunities aplenty to check Ambassador Bennett's story—right at the Hotel El Embajador where the correspondents were staying. Literally thousands of people fled the rebel zone during the first days of the revolt and came to the El Embajador to be evacuated from

the country. All a correspondent needed was the *desire* to interview some of these people.

I spoke to several. Here is what Ina French, a Negro domestic servant, had to say:

> I saw them kill a Chinese merchant who lived above his store. He heard the *turbas* [armed mobs] coming Saturday night, ran down to close his shutters and was shot through the stomach and he died right there. The *turbas* attacked homes, killed people, and broke down the steel doors of a department store. When they were finished with the store you couldn't find one pin left.
>
> Bodies of people assassinated by the *turbas* were all over the streets. Some of the bodies had stomachs higher than their faces. They had been lying there three whole days in the sun.

A Peace Corps volunteer who worked at a downtown hospital reported that the wounded and the bodies of the dead came in at such a rate "that they were stacked up like cordwood." A similar story of terror was told by a Puerto Rican, María de los Santos. She fled the rebel zone "because the rebels and the Communists knew that I was an American citizen and anti-Communist." Her home was broken into, her car stolen, and her three children badly beaten. I saw them in the lobby of the hotel, bearing lumps and bruises from those beatings, administered, they said, because "we are Yankees."

Francisco Aybar (no relative of publisher Bonilla Aybar) told me the horrifying story of Julio Pérez Sánchez. His brother, José, was in the Dominican Air Force. According to Aybar, an eyewitness to the scene, "known Communists grabbed Julio at the entrance to the Duarte bridge and literally tore him apart, pulling off his arms and then completely dismembering him." This story was corroborated by Juan Adames, a rebel lieutenant who said he could not stand Communist atrocities and later defected and came to the United States.

Mr. Draper comments that "Ambassador Bennett never expressed regret for his horror stories of April 29." He goes on to say: "As the versions in *Time* and *U.S. News & World Report* show, the worst offenders were precisely the 'news' organs that most crudely took their lead from the ambassador: not only did they themselves assume responsibility for some of his stories but they never did inform their readers that the stories had started out as unverified rumors and had ended up as verified myths."

Perhaps the most peculiar conclusion reached by Mr. Draper about deaths is contained in the following passage: *"If there were any true atrocities in the entire struggle, they were committed by the Dominican air force and navy which repeatedly bombed, shelled, and strafed the city."* (My italics — P.B.). This is another flat statement which does not hold water.

Prior to attacking rebel-held positions, the Dominican military dropped leaflets telling the people to get out of certain areas marked for attack. At 7:00 A.M. on April 27, the Dominican military base at San Isidro got a radio functioning and made continuous broadcasts to the public to leave certain areas.

Radio Santo Domingo, in the hands of the rebels, demanded that the peo-

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ple either stay where they were or rush to the rebel strong points, a deliberate attempt by the rebel leadership to use the population to protect rebel military strong points.

Nor is that all. It is well substantiated that the families of Dominican military men were set upon by the rebels. Relatives were taken to the television station and forced to plead with the pilots to stop. In some cases, literally scores of eyewitnesses relate, rifles aimed at the victims were clearly visible to television viewers. When the televised appearances did not stop the air force, families of the pilots were herded into military targets to be among the first to die when the planes strafed. The planes came anyway.

U.S. Frustrates Takeover

Draper gives the Bronx cheer to evidence of Communist manipulation of the revolt. Let's take a longer look at that one.

The Organization of American States rushed a fact-finding commission to Santo Domingo early in the revolt. Here is what Colombian Ambassador Vásquez Carrizosa had to say:

> What were we to do when blood was running in the streets—what happens when a state in this condition is so close to Cuba? Are we to sit silently on balconies and watch the end of the tragedy as if we were watching some sort of bullfight?

And here is what Ambassador Ilmar Penna Marinho of Brazil said of the findings of the special commission:

> The whole Committee agreed that the Caamaño movement could be rapidly converted to a Communist insurrection that was susceptible of gaining the support of the Marxist-Leninist powers.... It was a no-man's-land. There had been a complete collapse of public authority. The Dominican Republic had disappeared as a legal and political entity—arms had been given to a disorganized nation of fanatics and adolescents who were in a frenzied state *egged on by subversive broadcasts*—anarchy reigned—any organized group that made a landing in the Dominican Republic could have dominated the situation. (Italics mine—P.B.)

The AFL-CIO Executive Council statement on Santo Domingo is also worth citing. Labor, certainly, cannot be accused of ultra-rightist tendencies. The AFL-CIO has deeply rooted contacts among the labor organizations in the Dominican Republic and used them extensively in arriving at the following conclusions:

> The executive council welcomes the prompt and energetic measures taken by the President to prevent the Communist attempt to seize control of the Dominican democratic revolutionary movement and to foist a Castro-type dictatorship on Santo Domingo. Had our Government shown such prompt initiative in 1959, Cuba would today be a free country and not a slave state.

It is important to note that the position of the AFL-CIO was not taken in the heat of the early stages of the revolt. The report was not issued until July.

Even the Regional Inter-American Labor Organization (ORIT) condemned intervention in the revolt. General Secretary Arturo Jaureguí made the following observation which was published in July in the *Inter-American Labor Bulletin*:

> It would be obviously foolish not to recognize *that Communist elements have intervened in the conflict and have caused a worsening of the situation by their agitation and terrorist methods* and so *created chaos and anarchy,* thus making the solution of the crisis more difficult. We should unite against these elements and fight to overcome them, not only in the Dominican Republic, but in all the countries of Latin America. (My italics—P.B.)

But let's move out of the early part of the Dominican crisis and view the situation as it existed later. On a trip to Santo Domingo in November, I secured a copy of the minutes of the meeting held on July 8 by rebel chiefs. They met to determine whether to accept or reject Héctor García Godoy as Provisional President. *Among the leaders at that meeting were Juan B. Mejía, representing the pro-Castro June 14th Movement, and Andrés Lockward, representing the extreme leftist Social Christian Revolutionary Party.* Their counsel was sought at the highest levels of the rebel movement.

What was said at that meeting is significant. The minutes record Mejía as follows:

> American intervention . . . has created new conditions for us. I believe now there are two ways to achieve our goals—through negotiations, or through open warfare. If it is now not possible to achieve our goals through open war, then negotiations must be established at once. . . .

What Mejía is saying is that U.S. intervention did, indeed, frustrate a Communist (more particularly Castroite) takeover of the country. For this reason, Mejía recommended the classic Communist one-step-backward.

How "negotiations" could be used to further Communist goals is clear in another excerpt of Mejía's position:

"The national and international situation now favors the constitutionalist movement because of the positions being taken by some other powers. . . ."

The UN in Knots?

Then Mejía reversed himself during the discussion (as runners kept coming into the room and handing him notes). Said Mejía:

> According to our inside information, we now believe that the OAS will impose strong control by the forces of the oligarchy. . . . We must try to conduct our negotiations through the United Nations, because we can be assured that there would be no attack while those negotiations are being conducted. . . . We must cali upon the people, explain the situation, and arm everybody for popular defense. Then we will say to the entire world that we do so in defense of the impositions being placed upon us by the OAS.

Mejía's tactics are understandable. He would count on the Communist bloc, and the Soviet Union in particular, to tie the United Nations up in knots while the Communist-led rebels tied up the Dominican Republic. Let it also be noted that UN Secretary General U Thant's special emissary to the Dominican Republic was Juan Mayobre. Mayobre is a "former Communist," and holder of the Lenin Peace Prize.

Having failed in this maneuver, the Communists resorted to the classic tactics of infiltration, chicanery, and deceit. A major target is the labor force. Vice Minister of Labor is Herardio Paniagua, a member of the Social Christian Revolutionary Party. Paniagua (another "former Communist") engineered the appointment of Juan José Matos Rivera to the post of Director of Social and International Affairs of the Ministry of Labor. This is an important post, since its holder represents the Dominican Republic at

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international labor conferences. Let us consider the background of Matos Rivera.

Matos Rivera is a Communist. He was trained in Cuba in 1962 at one of Castro's guerrilla training schools. He participated in the June 14 guerrilla campaign in the Dominican Republic in 1963 and was captured. Deported, Matos Rivera returned to Santo Domingo clandestinely in January of 1965 and was in charge of a rebel *commando* during the April revolt.

Backstopped by men in key posts in the Ministry of Labor, the Communists have captured, or are capturing, most of the union movement. Back in April, they did not control a single union.

On August 28, eight of twelve positions on the executive board of what is considered "Juan Bosch's union," FOUPSA, were taken over by the Communists. The connivance between Bosch's party, the PRD, and the Communists is too obvious to be mistaken. The tactics of the takeover tell the story.

FOUPSA leadership recognized phony representatives of local unions, most of them Communists. Each presented a slate of candidates heavily weighted with Communists. Other delegates presented lists of non-Communists. Arguments and fights broke out as the Communists tried to kill time (there was a 7 P.M. curfew in effect). Anti-Communists and non-Communists began to leave as the Communists made pleas for "unity." By 6 PM only 28 out of an earlier count of 66 delegates remained. Now in the majority, the Communists steam-rollered through their slate of candidates in classic Bolshevik tactics almost identical to those used in Cuba in the fall of 1959 by which the Cuban Confederation of Labor was subverted.

Official Senate files reveal something more of the Bosch-PRD collaboration even prior to the revolt. According to those files, Juan Bosch met with two members of the Castroite June 14th Movement in early March. The two—Victoriano Félix and Rafael "Fafa" Taveras—got Bosch's agreement to cooperate in the overthrow of the civilian junta, headed by Donald Reid Cabral. The two Communists taped a Bosch harangue to the public, took it back and delivered it to José Brea, Secretary of Finance of Bosch's PRD. Prevented from airing the tape by a Reid Cabral law, a transcript was made and read over the air. The program, called "Here is Santo Domingo," was sponsored by the June 14th Movement. The details of the meeting and the airing of the script have been confirmed by State Department sources.

We then come to deposed President Juan Bosch's role in the revolt. First, few political leaders have been accorded the treatment received by Bosch on U.S. soil. For nearly nineteen months, he enjoyed the hospitality of Puerto Rico while carrying on the subversion of a foreign government. Reid Cabral protested, and his protests were ignored.

Bosch Blames U.S.

There is no question that Bosch was in constant contact with the rebels. He had telephone communications with them during the revolt, communications which the United States had the power and the legal right to sever, but did not.

Yet, Juan Bosch blames the United States for virtually all of the ills of the Dominican Republic. He specifically blames the United States for not providing transportation for him to return to Santo Domingo during the early stages of the revolt.

In an article published in the *New Leader*, Bosch relates a meeting with special envoy John Bartlow Martin in Puerto Rico. According to Bosch his request for transportation to return to the Dominican Republic was met by Martin's "No, impossible. They'll kill you." This, then is one of Bosch's reasons for not returning. Because the United States would not transport him there!

As a patriot burning to return and fight for his country, it is inconceivable that Bosch could not find other means than U.S.-provided transportation for him to return. To close this particular chapter of the Dominican revolt, we can say that Bosch could certainly have returned to Santo Domingo had he wanted to.

One emissary of Juan Bosch *was* flown into Santo Domingo by a U.S. military aircraft, presumably to negotiate with the rebels. He was shot, according to Mr. Draper, "shot to death by U.S. soldiers in a tragic, still controversial incident." The incident was tragic, all right, but the facts of the shooting can hardly be labeled "controversial."

Rather than performing what was thought to be a negotiating role, Fernández Domínguez joined in an attack on Dominican forces holding the presidential palace and upon U.S. troops in the area. Here is the official U.S. military version of what happened the night of May 19:

> 5:45 PM: Shooting broke out from a house near the presidential palace against D. R. forces. The firing also hit "B" Co. of the Marine unit at the corridor. More fire continued for six minutes, mixed fire, including 35 mm. shells. Three U.S. wounded.
>
> 5:50 PM: "A" Co. of the Marines asked permission to return fire. Permission was granted. Thirty rounds of rifle and machine-gun fire returned at house. We received 200 rounds. Two U.S. Marines wounded by shrapnel, one by rifle fire.
>
> 6:05 PM: Nine-man Marine stretcher-bearer team fired on by rebels, trying to evacuate U.S. wounded. No fire was returned. Rebels continued to fire at palace, also. Litter detail again hit while carrying two wounded. Permission granted to fire back.
>
> 6:40 PM: Rebels again fired at litter bearers. Permission granted to return fire. We fired 3.5 mm. rockets. Rebel post knocked out.

Along with Colonel Fernández Domínguez's body at the post were those of Dominican Communists and an Italian killer named Ilio Capozzi. One of the Dominicans killed was Juan Miguel Díaz Román. He was a member of the June 14th Central Committee who participated in guerrilla activities in the mountains of the Dominican Republic in late 1963. He was deported to Lisbon in May of that year and returned clandestinely in January 1965. One of the leading military figures of the revolt, he commanded one of the largest rebel posts which served as a command post, arsenal and prison.

The reward for transporting Bosch men to the Dominican Republic was five wounded American Marines (one of whom may never walk again), and the vicious assault on stretcher bearers.

Draper believes that if the United States had supported José Molina Ureña when he was installed (with Juan Bosch's consent) as "Provisional President" on April 25, the day fol-

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lowing the outbreak of the revolt, the Bosch forces would have been given "a quick, easy, almost bloodless victory." At that time, according to Draper, the Communist issue had not even been raised. In fact, it did not exist.

The Communist issue may not have been raised publicly but it was there. As rebel chiefs met at the presidential palace to assume control, they found themselves joined by much of the hierarchy of the Communist cabal. *Among those in attendance at Molina Ureña's investiture were sixteen Communist Party and June 14th Movement big shots, including Central Committee members Luis Gómez Pérez and Antonio Isa Conde.*

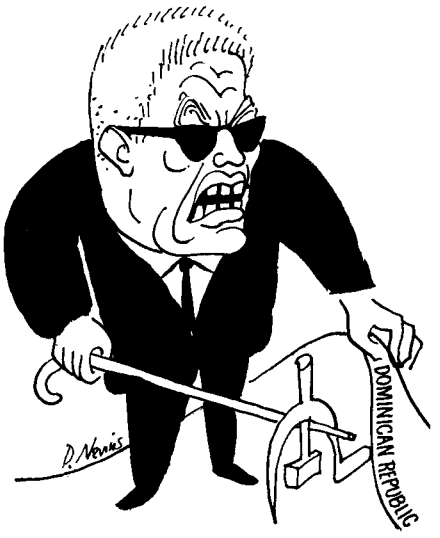
A real shocker was Molina Ureña's appointment of Alejandro Lajara González that afternoon to the position of Deputy Director of the Security Service. *Lajara González was a member of the June 14th Movement, and had been identified by a Western diplomatic source* (who had been introduced to me by Tad Szulc of the *New York Times* "as one of the best-informed people on the Dominican Republic") *as one of the Communists he had seen passing out arms to the mobs earlier that same day!* Later in the afternoon, in his new official position, Lajara González personally escorted another truckload of arms and munitions to Communists passing them out to mobs in Independence Park.

The Communists moved fast the afternoon of April 25. Party members seized the plant of the anti-Communist newspaper, *Prensa Libre,* and immediately began to publish propaganda leaflets. Presumably under the benevolent eye of the new Deputy Director of the Security Service, the offices of three anti-Communist political parties were sacked and burned by Communist cadres—*Unión Cívica Nacional, Partido Liberal Revolucionista,* and *Vanguardia Revolucionaria Dominicana.*

Sunday afternoon saw the Communists virtually take charge of all military activity in the rebel zone. Weapons depots were set up under their control, and distribution quickly effected. The key commando posts were under the control of known, and identified, Communists. I have their names as well as the location of the posts they commanded.

Draper errs in saying U.S. backing of Molina Ureña that fateful Sunday would have given Bosch a "quick, easy, almost bloodless victory"; it would, instead, have consolidated the Communist hold on the rebellion. In a real sense, Boschists and Communists had become virtually indistinguishable the very day following the revolt. This sequence of events explains the message to Washington, quoted by Draper, to the effect that our military attachés at the embassy in Santo Domingo had given the "go-ahead to do 'everything possible' to prevent what was described as the danger of a 'Communist takeover.'"

What was occurring, both at the presidential palace and in the center of the city, was known to officials



of our embassy. They acted on the basis of that information.

Yet, Senator William Fulbright is quoted in support of Draper's thesis as follows: "The essential point . . . is that the United States, on the basis of ambiguous evidence, assumed almost from the beginning that the revolution was Communist-dominated, or would certainly become so." Draper goes further: "If the intervention of the U.S. military attachés should prove to have been the determining, or even a major factor in the Dominican air force and navy decision to launch attacks on Sunday and the following days, the verdict of history will be that U.S. pressure contributed to the prevention of an early Boschist victory and helped to plunge the country into a bloody civil war."

Another version, and one to which I subscribe on the evidence, is that such alleged pressures contributed to the prevention of an early Communist victory. The Communists had already precipitated the war.

The phrase, ". . . helped plunge the country into a bloody civil war" is overdrawn. In fact, Draper's description of the revolt is overdrawn in its entirety. He says of the Dominican people: "They have not had much to boast about in over a hundred years. For perhaps the second time in their entire history, they have fought for something worth believing in. Lawyers and peasants have been stirred by the same common aspirations and ideals."

That statement simply isn't so. The only place in the entire country which saw any fighting was a relatively small area of the capital city. If so "stirred," one may ask, why didn't the balance of the country rise against their "oppressors"?

Remember that for days the fluid situation created the greatest of confusion in the ranks of the military, and U.S. Marines did not land until a week later. Rebels controlled the nation-wide radio network from the outset. And from the outset, they urged the people to rebel, to take up arms and spread the fight. The people were told that the military was on the run so there was no need to fear reprisals later.

There is nothing that gives the lie more convincingly to the alleged "popular" nature of the revolt than the fact that the people did not respond to rebel exhortations.

The scream from the left-Liberal corner over U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic is interesting and significant. Most of Mr. Draper's sources are wedded to the proposition that the so-called "democratic Left" in Latin America is the answer to Communist subversion, and to right-wing pressures. But Communist manipulation of the Dominican revolt proves that the "democratic Left" in that country, at least, is politically ineffective.

The preponderance of evidence is that Juan Bosch and his Dominican Revolutionary Party turned to the Communists, voluntarily, to provide the bone and sinew which the PRD sadly lacked.

This truth, for our Liberals, is "unthinkable." Therefore the Draper reconstruction.

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Dominican Intervention: The Facts

An expert in Latin American affairs who has been involved in the Dominican episode from its start here summarizes the facts and dissects the issues

J. B. BENDER

The national debate over our intervention in the Dominican Republic swirls around three questions: 1) To what extent, and at what times, was the U.S. government "neutral" in the events commencing on the 24th of April? 2) To what extent did the Communists seize control of the revolt? 3) What should constitute U.S. policy objectives in the Dominican Republic?

The facts concerning U.S. neutrality are as follows. Not until it became evident that there were definite political overtones to the seizure of the Dominican Army Chief of Staff on the 24th of April, and the apparent revolt by two Army camps, did our embassy in Santo Domingo begin to consider intervention. The situation was still not clear enough by Sunday morning, April 25, when President Reid Cabral requested intervention, to convince the Embassy that drastic measures were called for. Even though "Donny" Reid was admittedly the most effective Dominican chief of state in recent times, the U.S. felt that a simple military coup against Reid would not seriously affect our interests.

But as the events of April 25 further unfolded, it became increasingly apparent that something more than a routine military coup was in progress. Originally, it had been estimated that the Dominican Revolutionary Party (PRD), although associated with some of the coup leaders, was not in a position to exert a major influence over the course of events. However, when the Embassy learned of a crucial meeting by coup leaders at the National Palace, late Sunday morning, this estimate had to be rapidly revised. It was reported that as the victorious military leaders were sitting down to divide the spoils, 70 PRD leaders, along with some known Communists, thrust their way into the Palace and announced that they were present to participate in and control any government the military were intent on forming. The PRD leaders had important known allies among the military men, and at this point others suddenly surfaced as strong PRD supporters. The rest of the coup leaders now realized that their desire to oust Reid for purely selfish reasons had been cleverly exploited by the well-organized PRD civilian and military supporters. This meeting broke up in an uproar, and the civil war was on.

As soon as the American Embassy learned the details of the meeting, previous indications of PRD and extreme leftist involvement in the coup fell into place. What had been dismissed earlier as minor attempts to take advantage of an ordinary coup situation were now seen to have been part of a coordinated plan to seize control of the government, utilizing unsophisticated, power-hungry military officers. At this point, the embassy ceased being neutral.

Embassies Fear Coups

This renunciation of neutrality, although anti-PRD in effect, was based on something more fundamental. American embassies throughout Latin America live in constant dread of abortive coups, whether originated by the Left, Right, or center. What the embassies fear, quite rightly, is that if the coup does not have a quick and decisive success, fratricidal strife and anarchy will erupt that can benefit no one but the Communists. As Ambassador Bennett was to put it on April 28, he and his country team recommended military intervention (if diplomatic efforts then underway failed) "to prevent another Cuba from arising out of the ashes of this situation." By the afternoon of the 25th, our Embassy saw that the split of the coup leaders was bound to result in strife and anarchy. Neutrality was no longer possible, and our chosen course of action was to back the "loyalist" military in the hope of restoring order and a friendly government in the shortest time possible. This decision was not made without some misgiving, but was considered to be the lesser of two evils.

The mechanics of our intervention, both diplomatic and military, have been carefully detailed (although not without some embellishment) by critics of the administration. It is apparent, however, that what is responsible for a good deal of the criticism directed against the Administration is not the fact of intervention on the "loyalist" military side, so much as the public professions of neutrality. Tad Szulc of the *New York Times (Dominican Diary)*, Dan Kurzman of the *Washington Post (Santo Domingo: Revolt of the Damned)*, and other reporters, have legitimate cause for some of their indignation. Reporters' questions to embassy and military spokesmen were met with simple restatements of Washington releases. It is difficult to imagine good reporters not introducing a certain amount of skepticism into their dispatches under such circumstances. What caused the Administration's major problem in its handling of the Dominican situation arose in part from this reportorial skepticism: if the Administration was obviously lying about its "neutrality," its credibility about the facts of a Communist takeover of the revolt was bound to be questioned.

No official intelligence estimate out of Santo Domingo or Washington ever asserted flatly that Communists had taken over the revolt, although President Johnson and his speechwriters evidently felt it necessary to say this had happened. What did concern Santo Domingo and Washington was the estimate that the very real

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possibility of a takeover existed. It is significant that Szulc and other reporters who were given access to embassy files have been unable to come up with any official dispatch stating that Communists had taken over the revolt. What had happened was that a total breakdown of law and order had occurred throughout the city of Santo Domingo, and that known Communists were capitalizing on the situation. The only writer who choses to ignore this collapse of government is Theodore Draper, who evidently finds the fact too uncomfortable for his polemical article in the December issue of *Commentary*. Paul Bethel's description of the situation is accurate.

High Command Boschist

The question of who controlled what is best answered in the negative: the PRD plotters lost control of the revolt they had helped to start; no one was in charge. This statement is arrived at primarily by a study of the rebel order of battle: how were the rebels organized? who gave effective orders to whom?

Analysts have come to the conclusion that while there was a conscious attempt to set up a "commando" system of military organization, the structure was never fully responsive to attempts by Caamaño and his associates to enforce central control. Each "commando" was theoretically responsible to the rebel "chief of staff" for a certain number of city blocks. In practice, "commando" leaders were more responsive to the political organizations with which they were affiliated—the three Communist parties, the Revolutionary Social Christian Party, and the PRD. Some "commandos" were essentially apolitical, such as the one set up by Haitian exiles (they were soon complaining of racial discrimination at the hands of rebel higher-ups), and some smaller "commandos" were organized by juvenile delinquents and more mature criminal elements.

The rebel high command itself was composed of fanatic Boschists, disgruntled military officers nominally aligned with the PRD but actually viewing their allegiance as only a temporary expedient (Caamaño himself and Montes Arache are good examples of this type), and a Conradesque collection of domestic and international intriguers.

The Communist threat presented itself through control of some of the crucial "commandos" and through the close but informal association of Communists with the rebel command and, later, with the "Constitutionalist" government. In addition, some Communists obtained influential sub-ministerial positions in the "Constitutionist" government. In the early stages of the revolt there was a very real danger that the Communist-controlled "commandos" would achieve such significant military victories that they would be in a position to dictate the political settlement of the revolt. This is what the Embassy feared, and why it repeatedly called attention to the Communist threat. Even after U.S. military intervention the danger continued that using control of these "commandos," the Communists could force the rebel high command into executing its orders.

To these facts about who controlled what during the revolt, should be added the general chaos and anarchy (so well described above by Paul Bethel and by former Ambassador John Bartlow Martin in the May 28, 1965 issue of *Life*) that reigned in Santo Domingo during those first

few days of the revolt. When the elements are put together, the decision to intervene seems hard to criticize.

The final fundamental question concerning our involvement in the Dominican Republic is, "What should constitute U.S. policy objectives in the country?" Passionate disagreement about the answer to this question underlies the disputes about "neutrality" and the degree of Communist takeover. Because this last question has never been answered by the Administration itself, a situation arose in Washington during April and May in which, as Tad Szulc points out, paraphrasing an Administration source, "each official told newsmen what he personally believed and what best seemed to serve the interests of the faction within the government that he represented."

Fulbright/Draper Thesis

Roughly speaking, there are two schools of thought as to how our Dominican policy should proceed. The first was represented by Senator Fulbright in his speech to the Senate on September 15. Taking our role in the Dominican Republic as a starting point, he presented the case for the non-Communist "democratic Left":

> . . . if there is no democratic Left [in Latin America] then there is no doubt of the choice [Latin Americans] will make: they will choose Communism, not because they want it, but because U.S. policy will have foreclosed all other avenues of social revolution and, indeed, all other possibilities except the perpetuation of rule by military juntas and economic oligarchies.

The implicit attack on anti-Communism in Fulbright's speech reaches a culmination in the concluding pages of Draper's *Commentary* article. "In a deeper sense," he writes, "the Dominican crisis is an expression of a crisis in the use and abuse of anti-Communism." All that Fulbright and Draper have done, however, is to demonstrate once again the ideological Liberal's adherence to the idea that "the main enemy is always on the Right." Our main enemy in Latin America, we are told by partisans of the "democratic Left," is not the Communist but the anti-Communist. Our enemy is not Fidel Castro, but General Wessin y Wessin.

The Fulbright/Draper thesis concentrates on a) belittling the current Communist threat, and at the same time b) warning us that if we do not wholeheartedly embrace the non-Communist "democratic Left" we are faced with the inevitability of a Communist takeover. The obvious contradiction does not faze its publicists. As applied to our Dominican policy,

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such an approach would have called for accepting the rebels' "Constitutionalist" government and then attempting to remove Communist influence by assisting the representatives of the "democratic Left" within it. Sometimes this approach has worked and sometimes it hasn't. Recent Indonesian developments would appear to constitute an argument for its application; but our experience in Cuba would rule it out. And the Cuban experience is surely more relevant for our Latin American policymakers than the Indonesian.

The fact is, as a second school believes, the "democratic Left" is but one of a number of alternatives facing us in Latin America. And owing to its representatives' "it could never happen here" attitude towards Communism (how many democratic leftists are Cuban refugees in Miami today?) it is probably not the preferred alternative. In many Latin American countries, the second school argues, large and powerful military establishments are a fact of life. We should work with them, rather than against them. Thus, in both Colombia and Peru we have been successful in getting together with the civilian authorities to persuade the military to devote a considerable portion of its manpower and budget to roadbuilding, education, and a host of other "civic action" projects. Proponents of the "democratic Left" have consistently overlooked the number of military officers in almost all Latin American countries who are vitally concerned with resolving their countries' pressing social and economic problems. In some countries, such as Peru (where they are dubbed "Nasserists") these military men represent a significant political factor.

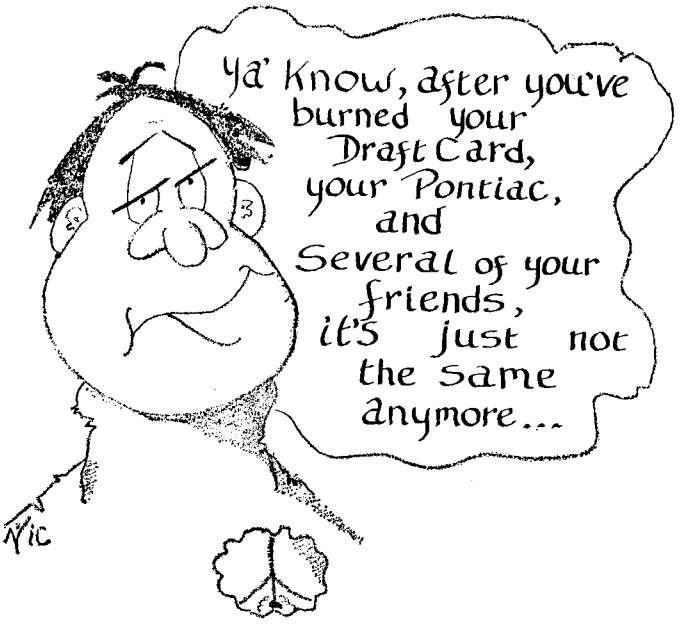
In many Latin American countries there is an important and growing class of businessmen ("economic oligarchs" in Fulbright/Draper terminology) who are sincerely interested in remedying current social and economic ills. Venezuela and Colombia are two nations where this type is particularly evident. Then, too, there are some places where the Catholic Church has or can become an effective force for meaningful social and economic reform. In other words, there are alternatives to the underemployed doctors, lawyers and architects in Latin America who, for the most part, constitute the "democratic Left."

The making of foreign policy being what it is in a democracy, Washington's objectives in the Dominican Republic have attempted to combine elements from both schools of thought. Ambassador Bennett and Under Secretary Mann, representing the second school (or "Hards") have consistently sought the elimination of the rebels as an active political entity. The failure to wipe out the rebels, first in downtown Santo Domingo and later at their 27th of February camp, permitted the Communist parties to conduct guerrilla/terrorist warfare schools (whose graduates now number in the hundreds), to organize long-sought-for party congresses, to cache arms throughout the country, and to develop a revolutionary *esprit* which will serve them well in any future clashes. The first school (or "Softs"), while not successful in achieving the political settlement desired by proponents of the "democratic Left," was able to frustrate Ambassador Bennett and Secretary Mann. Ambassador Martin (though in the event his mission played into the hands of the Hards), various OAS representatives, Antonio Mayobre (the UN representative), and McGeorge Bundy were all supported by the Softs for their effect on checking Mann and Bennett.

The current situation is equally confusing and contradictory. Ambassador Bunker, representing the Softs, receives his guidance from Secretary of State Rusk, while Ambassador Bennett gets his from Mann; and the Brazilian and U.S. military commanders support Ambassador Bennett as much as they dare while privately uttering scathing denunciations of Ambassador Bunker.

The problems involved in intervention have probably been summed up best by Herman Kahn in an interview published last June in *U.S. News and World Report*. "Unless one can be firm," he has observed, "intervention probably does not make much sense. If you really have firmness . . . . you don't have to rush to intervene. The mere fact that we felt we had to jump in early in the Dominican Republic is almost a dead giveaway that we don't really have that kind of firmness."

In the end, I suppose, we shall muddle through in a more or less successful fashion, at least this time. After all, objectively speaking, the United States is an imperial power with imperial reflexes. Even if a self-generated suicidal ideology whispers in our ear that "intervention against the 'democratic Left' is immoral," or that "the Left is the wave of the future," there still remain enough top-ranking Americans like the one in Santo Domingo who, welcoming the prospect of a rebel attack on American positions, exclaimed, "the only good guerrilla is a dead guerrilla."



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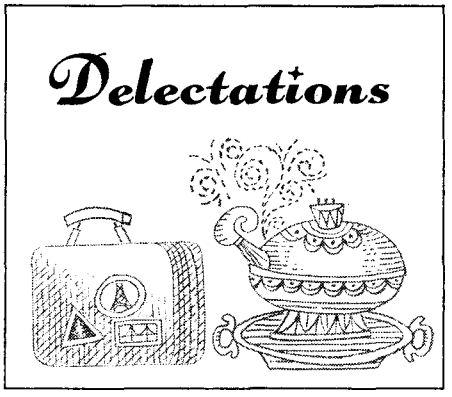
The Great American Gourmet

NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON



There was a time when any red-blooded American boy in his right mind wanted to grow up to work hard so that he should have lots and lots of money for diamonds for his poppet's fingers. Then, after the day's work, our boy would sit in the parlor, lending tone to the establishment, while the poppet fussed for him in the kitchen. To the suggestion that he should cook himself, or even lend a hand, his reactions would range anywhere from blank disbelief at this aspersion on his masculinity to leaving home in a marked manner to find solace elsewhere.

Alas, things have changed. Few of today's lads, brawnier though weaker in mind than their forebears, want to set up railroad empires or preside over Wall Street conclaves. They would rather grow up to be gourmets, and worse still, of the do-it-yourself kind, training themselves from early teen age on. Instead of spending their money at Tiffany's, they will invest it (and I am quoting from the *New York Times*) in "a cooking center under a handcrafter copperhood combining the romance of an open wood-burning fireplace with the built-in convenience of an electronic oven, a charcoal hibachi and flipover grill." There, using the strength bred into them by gallons of fresh orange juice and the best meat, they will hoist heavy cookbooks and whip up little wine-drenched dishes redolent of herbs plucked at dawn, all by way of being charming to their innamoratas.

Now, why on earth should a healthy, able-bodied man want to cook unless it is his profession, for which he gets paid? I don't mean preparing food during an emergency, because every human being from the age of seven should be able to do so. No, I mean preparing complicated dishes with long names and exotic ingredients, or, in a more stark manner, attempting classic French cuisine. I presume this desire is like the urge to make lamps out of driftwood, that is, a relaxing hobby. But I fail to understand why any man should think that a crown roast of lamb takes the place of one or more diamond bracelets, and to assume that a girl would think so, too.

If there is anything in the world that I like less than a man who cooks when he does not have to, it is one that will insist on doing it for you as a substitute for an evening at the theater. And if there is anything that I would be apt to like less than that, it is man who insists on talking about his prowess with shrimp and garlic. The ploy is always the same: a rhetorical question followed by a monologue. When I hear it, I sink immediately into a mood of melancholy, picking at my food with all the enthusiasm of a dispirited camel. Who indeed cares that a stew discovered in the back streets of Santander can be made in Fairfield County, Conn., except as an exercise in ingenuity?

Americans may be taking an increasing interest in their vittles, but it strikes me that this interest, in spite of all the huffing and puffing, is largely theoretical because, at the same time, the standard of the food, of the cookbooks and of the restaurants, has deteriorated beyond belief. A look at the stuff in the supermarkets, especially at the products labeled "gourmet" in the freezing compartments, is enough to make one's blood freeze at all the artificial flavorings and preservatives that have been used to make food long-lasting and convenient. Poor old flavor has gone out, like an angel with wings folded over its eyes. Most modern food is the sinful triumph of the food chemist, who reminds me of a character the late Elliot Paul once introduced with, "Hail to jolly Ambassador Brew, there isn't a thing the bugger won't do." What our nouveaux gourmets apparently don't know or don't care about is that the secret of good food is its utter freshness, both as a produce and in cooking.

The general decline of cookbook standards is just as deplorable. In order to make a fast buck, even respectable publishers act like the aforementioned Ambassador Brew. It isn't only gimmicks, nonsense and ancient publicity releases they put between hard covers for a fancy price, but inaccurate recipes that were swiped from other inaccurate recipes, and shoddily edited, out-dated, and just plain wrong information.

As for restaurant meals, getting honest value in food and service has become as difficult as the pursuit of the Grail. I am now talking about New York City, where people rejoice in the discovery of an honest eating place with the glee of a cannibal king whose offering turns out to be toothsome and a genuine virgin as well. Price has surprisingly little to do with good food. In some of the city's most overdecorated and hideously expensive establishments, the food is cold because they don't believe in the warmers that even mediocre European restaurants take for granted, and often Provencal food, touted as superauthentic, is not even cooked in olive oil, the first premise of Provençal cooking.

Yet all these bamboozlers flourish, with no protest from our nouveaux gourmets, whose fathers would never have stood for this sort of nonsense. I can only surmise that all their private fuss about good food is a poor, pitiable retreat into a private world where every man can be hero, an inoffensive gesture against the growing lack of purpose in a world that frightens them. They need their fancy soup, made from several canned varieties, the way a duck needs a little puddle of water to wallow in, so that it can feel itself to be a duck. But I still don't admire men who wear aprons when they don't have to, because once they do, can their wearing skirts be far behind?

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Academic Disorder at St. John's

Academic license scarcely can go further than it has proceeded at St. John's University, in Jamaica and Brooklyn, New York. Forty or fifty professors and instructors, many of them discharged recently by the University, have been conducting a militant strike, with picket lines, incitement of students to "boycott" classes, a ridiculous "free university in exile," defamation of the University's officials, and enlistment of labor-union bosses and professional "civil rights" agitators in their behalf.

Kirk

What caused all this rumpus? Immediately, the dismissal of 31 faculty members, members of the United Federation of College Teachers — though some of these were new instructors whose performance had been unsatisfactory and who presumably would have been dismissed anyway, whether or not the University and the Federation of College Teachers had come to blows. But the primary cause is more important.

Essentially, the trouble at St. John's has been hasty growth. Within a few years, student enrollment has doubled, so that St. John's, with its 13,000 students, is the biggest Catholic university in the world. The mass campus breeds discontents. On a smaller scale, the "lonely crowd" psychology of Berkeley became manifest. Students felt more and more like business-machine numbers; recruited in a hurry, the newer members of the faculty often felt no commitment to the objectives of a university governed by a religious order. For that matter, many senior members of the faculty have long believed that the faculty should have more influence in forming the curriculum, and that in the process of growth the University's administrators retained too little concern for academic standards.

In such a climate of opinion, the academic demagogue prospers. A moderate and prudent reform movement among the faculty fell into the hands of a radical clique. The University, meanwhile, adopted a program for increasing the powers of the faculty, heartily endorsed by the Middle States Association; but the radicals of the Federation of College Teachers, egged on by labor-union bosses, already had determined on a strike which, they hoped, would transfer authority in the University to themselves.

Out of all this ferment, says one department-head at St. John's, good should emerge eventually. The University's administration will work certain reforms, the academic demagogues will be discredited, and everyone's attention will be directed to academic concerns more important than bricks-and-mortar expansion.

The Flock Is Not a Mob

The trouble at St. John's, moreover, should remind all church-connected universities and colleges that they cannot compete in function and scale with state-supported Behemoth University—unless they are prepared to endure all the troubles of Behemoth University, so well illustrated by the chaos of Berkeley. "Growthmanship" must be immensely harmful, if not fatal, to church-connected institutions of higher learning. They will survive and leaven the lump of American society only if they concentrate upon quality, the humane scale, and their peculiar function as centers of Christian learning. As Lord Percy of Newcastle wrote once, it is not good to be educated in a crowd; moreover, it is very hard to be a scholar in the midst of a mob. Malcontent professors hearken to the inflammatory silliness of the Reverend Peter O'Reilly, the strikers' leader, who heaps abuse upon the University's administrators. (As one senior professor at St. John's tells this writer, Father O'Reilly is of the number of those who enjoy martyrdom—so long as their own heads are unbloodied.)

At St. John's, unlike the University of California at Berkeley, the great majority of professors and students have behaved sensibly. The utmost efforts of the radicals persuaded only 10 per cent of the students to absent themselves from classes. Many professors probably recoiled in distaste from the striking Federation of College Teachers when that belligerent little body brought in Mr. Bayard Rustin and other full-time agitators who had no previous connection with St. John's. As Mr. Richard Ryan, writing somewhat sympathetically of the strike, remarks in *The Tablet* concerning the strikers' rally, "On one side, with their legs crossed and their big meaty hands clapping at each speech as though they were cheering some middleweight at the Garden, were men like Harry Van Arsdale [head of the N.Y. City AFL-CIO Joint Council] and Morris Iushevitz and a few others who had grown old and leathery with labor and who knew what end was up on a picket line or at the end of a bargaining table." Is it better to be governed by a college dean, or by labor-boss Van Arsdale?

Though damaged, St. John's will recover within a few months from the consequences of the strike. The academic strikers will find it harder to refurbish their own reputations. Among other things, they incited students to rise in class and question the qualifications of their professors. Some of the strikers demanded that the Vincentian Fathers surrender all authority to faculty committees—presumably committees dominated by men of their own kidney; others wished to cast out Catholic doctrine from the teaching of philosophy or any other subject. Demand the absurd, and you end with nothing. Hereafter, perhaps, St. John's University will be more careful about the college teachers it recruits—even if a slower growth of the faculty means a smaller freshman class and a diminished rate of classroom construction.

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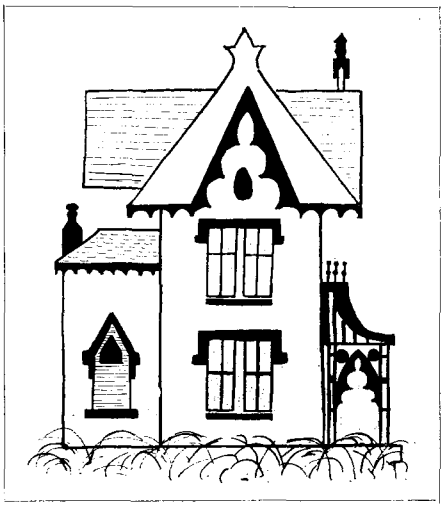
'New Yorker' Profile of the West

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

"This book," Miss Tuchman confides to her readers, "is an attempt to discover the quality of the world from which the Great War came. It is not the book I intended to write when I began."

Nor, may I add, when she ended. For, at its end as at its beginning, Miss Tuchman must have intended (or else she would not have published it) an essay on some *meaningful* aspects of twenty-five years; and not just any twenty-five years, but the *fin de siècle*—that luminous epoch that gave birth to modernity in all its horrors and all its glory. Yet *The Proud Tower* was not built tall enough to give the reader, or even the author, a revealing view of that unique landscape. Her view, and ours, is obstructed by her outstanding talent—her delightful sense of anecdote.

This stately volume of about 150,000 words is subdivided into eight big chapters, which, at least in blueprint, promise a well-told story: 1) The Patricians (England: 1895-1902); 2) The Idea and the Deed (The Anarchists: 1890-1914); 3) End of a Dream (The United States: 1890-1902); 4) "Give Me Combat!" (France: 1894-1899); 5) The Steady Drummer (The Hague: 1899 and 1907); 6) "Neroism Is in the Air" (Germany: 1890-1914); 7) Transfer of Power (England: 1902-11); 8) The Death of Jaurès (The Socialists: 1890-1914). If the book had lived up to this splendid table of contents, it would have told a pertinent story. But it does neither the one nor the other. And the reason is, obviously, Miss Tuchman's obsession with the *New Yorker* style of historiography.



I don't know whether Miss Tuchman has ever worked for the *New Yorker*, but, being so unmistakable a cross between Emily Hahn and Lillian Ross, she should. *The Proud Tower* is an out-sized *New Yorker* Profile of *la fin de siècle:* it is written with no awareness of intellectual causality, but an unerring eye for the significantly absurd detail.

A case in point: Chapter Six: "Neroism Is in the Air." In this chapter Miss Tuchman is bold enough to use one-eighth of her *magnum opus* on the Decline of the West for a rather delectable essay on the absurd manners of Richard Strauss. Now it would not occur to me to dispute the author's right to be enchanted by the peccadilloes of her more or less accidental subjects; and, may I add, I sympathize with Miss Tuchman's amused fascination with the uncouth Bavarian composer. But, for History's sake, what happened to her sense of proportion? She undertook to tell the story of Western cataclysm in a mere 150,000 words — of which she reserves almost 20,000 words for a *New Yorker*-Profile-Within-a-*New Yorker*-Profile of Teutonic Dr. Richard Strauss. Miss Tuchman (and she was admittedly under heavy pressure of time and space) writes in her history of Europe's explosive decades about 2,000 words on Marx and Marxian socialism; about 800 words on Nietzsche; not one word about Kierkegaard—but 20,000 words on the composer of the *Rosenkavalier*. Now, personally, I'd be happy to read a whole volume about him (and have done so)—but 20,000 words on Richard Strauss in a 150,000-word history of the decline of the West?

The Proud Tower: A Portrait of the World before the War: 1890-1914, by Barbara W. Tuchman. Macmillan, $7.95

"THE QUALITY OF THE WORLD"—what a beautiful and commendable subject! But Miss Tuchman approaches it in the spirit of a civilized old lady I used to know, a lifetime ago, in Vienna, who, on receiving the news of the day, unfailingly said: "Well, well, I always say, nowhere does so much happen as in the world." That grand old lady, just like Miss Tuchman, combined an unlimited curiosity for the detail, with a rather skeptical view of its limitations. To Miss Tuchman, the paradigm of a *New Yorker* writer, ideas and ideologies, having no sensuous dimensions, are alien and rather embarrassing subjects. For her, events, to be described, must have physical shape and, if possible, a distinguishable perfume. Miss Tuchman, a magnificent disciple of the *Only Yesterday* school of historiography, may end up as the Gibbon of pragmatism. And at any rate, let us fervently hope, as a staff writer for the *New Yorker*.

When she encounters a person, a race track, a display of manners, a piece of stagecraft, a diplomatic *gaffe*, she is masterful (and masterfully bitchy). In the chapter on France ("Give Me Combat!") she even succeeds in telling, for the seven-thousandth time, and without adding a shadow of personal insight, the details of *l'affaire Dreyfus* — and one reads her ancedote with mounting suspense, absolutely greedy to learn how that fabulous intrigue will end.

And her first chapter—the one on Lord Salisbury and his whole crew of eccentrics who, in Victorian twi-

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light, managed to rule, and rather well, with the self-assured wisdom of fools! Or that Chapter Three—on Thomas B. Reed, Speaker Reed! There are dozens of pages of unmitigated delight. On second thought, one discovers that the delight originates, not in the art of the writer, but in the men she writes about. (Which on third thought, is the mark of the perfect *New Yorker* writer: to expose the reader to a memorable person *directly*.)

How is it possible that a writer of such competence collapses, in utter irrelevance, whenever she collides with ideas? For this is what happens to Miss Tuchman. She has accomplished the improbable feat of writing a history of the Western world, in the three decades of its most significant spiritual crisis, without comprehending or even noticing the ideas at work. The years 1890-1914 were the time when Europe (and, by hearsay, America), finally receiving Nietzsche's message of God's Death, desperately yielded to the pseudo-religions of Nationalism, Scientism, and Marxism. This much is indisputably known, even to Miss Tuchman (who produces a couple of enlarged footnotes on that subject). No, she has not exactly written a *Hamlet* without the Prince; rather, she's written the *Divina Commedia*, Man's trip through Hell, as a travelogue.

To be sure, Miss Tuchman's travel book is fun. And she is so skilfully devoted to the reader's pleasure that she doesn't mind exaggerating the absurd beyond all historical warrant. ("Hardly a German did not belong to a choral society or instrumental ensemble and spend his evening practicing Bach oratorios over several steins of beer." My rough, but informed guess would be that 99.5 per cent of all Germans never practiced and 97.5 per cent of all Germans never heard a Bach oratorio—take or leave a couple of steins.) The result is, unavoidably, the kind of book that tells almost everything about almost nothing.

I WAS ALIVE AND IN EUROPE, ten of the 25 years Miss Tuchman writes about. I was only ten when the Great War broke out, but we Viennese kids could have told Miss Tuchman, even back in 1914, a thing or two about the spiritual *malaise*, the intellectual yearning, the ideological temptations of the time. Our Europe of *la fin de siècle* was not half as absurd as Miss Tuchman thinks; and, admittedly, not half as funny. About as many Germans as spent their evenings practicing Bach oratorios, over several steins of beer, were moved, to the bottom of their hearts, by erroneous but passionate ideas of Salvation. The ideas were not necessarily better than the beer, but at least Europe-in-crisis took itself a bit more seriously than Miss Tuchman manages to do.

However, like it or not, this, as everybody knows by now, is a pluralistic age, and there is no limit to the number of contradictory histories that can profitably be written about the same epoch. Some like it hot, and some like it cool—some like it meaningful, and some like it absurd. After all, what (to quote a gentleman of antiquity) is Truth? Some think they know, but Miss Tuchman thinks they are absurd; and, although she is otherwise so fond of absurdities, she pays no attention to Kierkegaard, Dostoevsky, Barth, Maritain, and all those other weird birds who kept brooding about the character of Europe's Crisis, about "the quality of

RANDOM NOTES

● BOOKS AHEAD: The irrepressible Fred Cook, having exhausted the possibilities of the FBI, the Military-Industrial Complex and, one suspects, about everything else, turns to the rising costs of hospital care in an as-yet-untitled work in progress set for publication sometime this spring by Prentice-Hall. . . . John Masters (*Nightrunners of Bengal, Bhowani Junction* and such) has signed a contract, duration unreported, to produce one. book. per. year. for Delacorte Press. . . . The Revolution Devours: Southern Illinois University Press plans a five-volume textual edition of the pre-1900 writings of one John Dewey.

Among the first eight paperbacks in Louisiana University Press' new "Louisiana Paperbacks" series are Voegelin's *Plato* ($2.45), Arlin Turner's biography of George W. Cable ($2.95), *Southern Legacy* by Hodding Carter ($1.50), and *Who's Who in Faulkner* by Margaret Ford and Suzanne Kincaid ($1.75; all February 15). . . . Easily missed because of its obscure publisher is H. Earle Johnson's *Hallelujah, Amen! The Story of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston* (Bruce Humphries, $5.95).

● MOVIES: Hollywood - deplorer Irwin Shaw returns to tinsel-town to work on the planned film of Fitzgerald's *The Last Tycoon*. . . . *The Sound of Music* seems to have opened the floodgates, releasing a torrent of nun pictures: Metro's *The Singing Nun* (Debbie Reynolds) and *Mother Cabrini* (Sophia Loren); Columbia's *The Trouble With Angels* (Roz Russell!), plus several foreign items. *Variety* mentions a project which evidently got scrubbed: *The Nun in the Sports Car* (Rhonda Fleming).

In the scripting stage is a new film version (the third) of Will James' *Smoky*, to star Fess Parker. . . . Disney's newest full-length cartoon, *The Jungle Book*, in production two years, has another year to go. Soon to be released is a Disney short, *Winnie the Pooh*, which may be the first of a string. . . . Fernandel's next, *The Father's Trip*, concerns a papa's efforts to save his daughter from a life of prostitution. . . . Roger Vadim is at work on an updating of Zola's *La Curée*, probably to star Jane Fonda (Mrs. V.) as the fought-over stepmother. . . . Moviegoers will thrill to the busy life of Caryl Chessman, to be enshrined on film by director Leonard Horn this year.

● TELEVISION: That dubious Peanuts Christmas special may herald an animated half-hour series for 1966; a second special, on baseball, is a certainty this spring. . . . Silliest pilot of the year (so far) is a situation comedy about Neronian Rome, dubbed, cleverly, "Friends, Romans, Countrymen."

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the world from which the Great War came."

Here, after all, *is* the book she intended to write when she began. It is every bit as readable, suspenseful, and truthful a history as Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood* is a readable, suspenseful, and truthful piece of art —namely, for those who have settled for *New Yorker* standards. However, in true *New Yorker* style, Miss Tuchman should perhaps have titled her book: "A Funny Thing Happened on Our Way to Limbo."

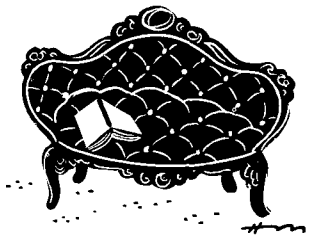
Fiction

Messages from the Lost

GUY DAVENPORT

FROM THE TIME of the composer Anton Rubinstein's acquiring for Russian artists the touchingly bureaucratic title of Free Artist, until the Bolshevik Revolution, the arts in Russia were practiced with something of the dignity of European custom. True, an occasional offender was caught and banished to Siberia, and a great many artists preferred to live abroad, but for the most part the end of the century was as free a time for the artist as Russia has ever seen. Just after the Revolution, the arts burst into a gaudy and jubilant springtime. Agitprop trains as brightly painted as peasant bedspreads, laden with books, paintings, movies, and poets, took the good news to the provinces: Russia was free and so was the Russian artist. Goncharova, Larionov, Tatlin, Malevich, Kandinsky—the first abstractionist of them all—commenced a renaissance, and with them composers and architects, poets and dramatists. But in less than two years a chill began to set in. The new bureaucracy, it was clear, was to be a tyrant who would make czardom seem by comparison a fussy and puritanical uncle.

One of the most talented of the new Russian artists of this period was the poet Osip Mandelstam. His poetry has been translated by various Westerners over the past few years, and his subterranean reputation has surfaced with increasing frequency since *l'affaire Pasternak*. It was known that he disappeared into thin air around 1938. The Russians delicately pointed out that he had been given his choice of concentration camps, and the official view of his death is recorded by Ilya Ehrenburg;



namely, that Mandelstam died of ill health while reciting a sonnet of Petrarch before a cozy fire.

He died of starvation in the garbage heap of the Corrective Labor Camp at USVITL (an abbreviation the full form of which is unknown). Afraid that his food was poisoned, he had taken to stealing his fellow prisoners' rations, and had been thrown by them into the Siberian winter.

His offense was an epigram, passed around among friends, that spoke of Stalin as a cockroach with moustaches.

The friend who took the epigram to the NKVD was himself turned in a few days later by one of *his* friends, and is known to have perished before Mandelstam.

The man whom Stalin crushed with such brutality was one of the most whimsical, delightful prose stylists the world has ever seen. The three pieces here translated with superb feeling and skill by Clarence Brown, professor of Russian at Princeton and an authority on modern Russian writing, are as carefully written as poems. They are not novels, though they have characters and the flavor, at least, of a plot somewhere about, momentarily mislaid. The scenes are like Marc Chagall in prose, as bright and as irrational. He wrote no sentence that isn't a slightly mad arrangement of disjunct images. His Jewish sense of hyperbole and outrageous analogy dances in and out of its heavy Russian ambience.

The Noise of Time, only 64 pages long, seems to contain as much matter as Proust, and every moment of it is as sharp and strange as a line of Rimbaud. *The Egyptian Postage Stamp*, 39 pages long, deserves to become a masterpiece of Russian writing, and one wishes that its precision and wild liveliness might save the Western novel from the boredom that is bringing it to a dinosaur's death. The forty-year time-lag is still, however, a decade swifter than the flow of most new things from Europe to the Republic, and one does not want to consider Mandelstam in any other translation than Clarence Brown's. If, as some reviewer is bound to say, Mandelstam is a writer's writer, Clarence Brown is certainly a translator's translator. To find the English for Mandelstam's waspish agility and mischievous revery required testing every word, every rhythm. The result is as charming a book as we are likely to see this year or many another.

The Prose of Osip Mandelstam, translated by Clarence Brown. Princeton, $5

The Red and the Green, by Iris Murdoch. Viking, $5

The Painted Bird, by Jerzy Kosinski. Houghton, 4.95

IRIS MURDOCH'S NINTH NOVEL IS, I suspect, her first, plucked from the desk drawer, dusted, and popped off to the publishers, in order not to miss the season altogether. It is not, as one might say, "an Iris Murdoch novel." It is the kind of novel that makes one despair of fiction's stubborn adherence to the lives of the obscure and the common. The occasion for the narrative is the Easter Rebellion, Dublin, 1916. Are we shown the Rebellion? No. One of the most mysterious figures in modern history, Roger Casement, whose name can still start a fight in a pub or bring tears of frustration to the eyes of Scotland Yard, is among the characters. Are we shown, are we allowed to hear Roger Casement? No. We are asked to follow, instead, a

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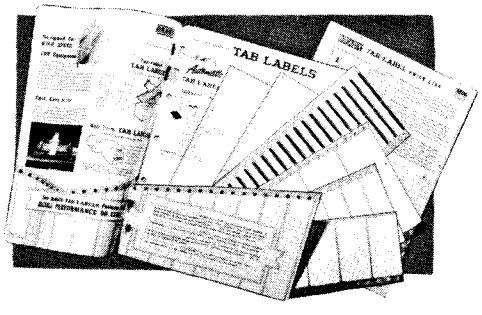

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backstairs drama about inept revolutionaries and their Anglo-Irish kin, who are, to say the least, compromised by the skulduggery that's afoot. Sean O'Casey has told all of this in much brighter colors, and the plot, except for a few happy salacities, will make any Dubliner yawn.

When the novel left the high road and the parlor and plunged diligently into the servants' quarters and the stable, it knew very well what it was doing. But now, a century and a half later, why must we have to listen to the idiocies of a calf-eyed English lieutenant and the mooing of a cow-uddered Irish nobody while, maddeningly off-stage, a plainclothesman, warrant in pocket, watches a German submarine surface in the mist, watches the cases of Mausers stacked on the shore, watches the tall Roger Casement step from the coracle? Dull minds go on forever, but the Irish get into a stir once every five hundred years, and can be powerfully entertaining. If the chroniclers will oblige.

Before I go on record as having read Jerzy Kosinski's *The Painted Bird*, let me say, for perspective's sake, that last week I gathered up my dinner guests and took them to the movies, to see what I forget, as we didn't get to see it, for as soon as we were settled a trailer came on to advertise a movie about taboos, and as the colubrine slither of Vincent Price's mucilaginous voice explained, with the aplomb of a lingerie salesman showing a panty girdle to an Arkansas Anabaptist, that life in Katanga is singularly different from that in Braintree, Mass., the screen showed a Secret Society cutting off an initiate's finger with a butcher knife. Whereupon I left, and my dinner guests with me.

A dozen pages into *The Painted Bird* and one is ready to give up—for violence, no matter what one's experience of it, is not something one ever gets used to. But Mr. Kosinski's violence does not have Vincent Price's prurience behind it, and it is not gratuitous. It is the violence of ignorance and war, and the ostrich's reflex is not appropriate. Mr. Kosinski's story is of a small boy, a refugee in Poland from the invasion of the Germans, until the coming of the Russians. He goes from peasant to peasant, hiding from he knows not what. The Polish peasantry, as we are shown it here, is more brutal and depraved than the Nazis who

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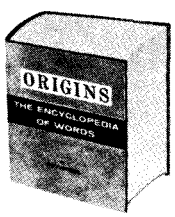

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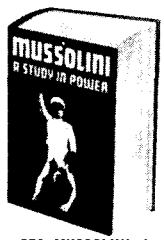

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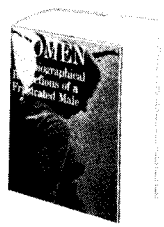

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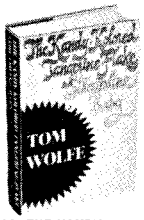

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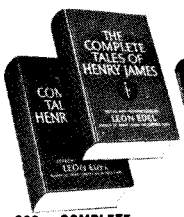

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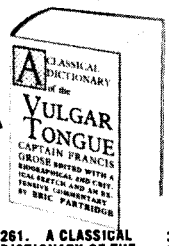

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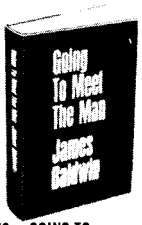

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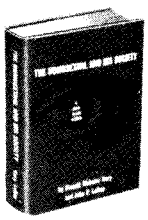

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moved among them with such indifferent fierceness. Mr. Kosinski (who has written two other books under the pen name Joseph Novak) was born in Poland in 1933, so we must assume that he knows what he's talking about.

War is hell, but it is a hell thrust upon innocent people, and it is a hell one can survive but never forget. In the century and a half of war, from 1815 to the present, humanity has suffered abuses unparalleled in previous history, unless an equivalent can be found in the Mongol invasions. The age begins with Goya's unbearable *Los Desastros de la Guerra* and finds its final—or penultimate?—statement in the photographs of Buchenwald. Both of these extremes appear on every page of Mr. Kosinski's heart-breaking novel.

It is the role of art to speak ou in this mode from time to time though it is rare for an artist tc master his material so that it doesn' degenerate into horror for its owr sake, or become less than tragic through anaesthesis as we are exposed to it. The novel's statement is eloquent as a negative definition "This," it says, "is *not* humanity.' Man is the only perverted animal and the only one capable of perverting himself. Mr. Kosinski shows us man absolute in his perversion. In al honesty this book can be recommended only to the strong of stomach, but it ought to be read by al who, for whatever reason, imagine that the world is civilized and can be converted, with a little economic tinkering here and there, intc Paradise.

No New Road

THOMAS MOLNAR

IT IS HARD to review the book of an author one likes as a friend and respects as a man. It is twice as hard when the man, with a politician's blood in his veins, is a political exile, hunted by his country's secret police (who already have several kidnapings to their questionable credit). But the reviewer's task becomes truly painful when he must disagree with such an author and even with the title of his work.

There is little that is new in Soustelle's book, and particularly no "new road" for France. It is composed, like other works of this nature, of two parts: the denunciation (and the self-justification), and the outline of a promising future—provided the author has a free hand to shape it.

Part One deals, for the *nth* time, with that unpalatable, indigestible piece of French history, de Gaulle.

A New Road for France, by Jacques Soustelle. Robert Speller & Sons, $5.95

Everything has been said about the man, and Soustelle does not add a single new *aperçu*, a single original judgment. In fact, I think Soustelle is still baffled by the Phenomenon I remember him as we lunched in a Roman trattoria, in July 1962, only days after Algeria became independent and days before Soustelle was expelled from Italy under Gaullist pressure. That self-assured, brilliant intellectual, whose lucidity I had admired on many occasions, could only say: "I have known the General for two decades. He was not like this. The present de Gaulle is chemically different from the other."

WELL, DE GAULLE has always been exactly the same; one need only read his works and speeches and listen to the men who have analyzed his actions since 1940 and penetrated his inner core. The trouble with Soustelle, and with dozens of the General's past close associates, is that one day in London they fell under his spell, and they still cannot believe (and could believe even less in the feverish summer of 1958) in the man's cold cruelty and readiness to sacrifice everybody to his own designs. For it is now clear—and I ask pardon for repeating something so obvious—that de Gaulle sacrificed Algeria in order to pursue a rather unsuccessful prestige policy in Europe, an independent but sterile one *vis-à-vis* Washington, and a sinister one of rapprochement with the Communist powers.

But the question still remains: Why did his long-time collaborators, why did Soustelle not see, early

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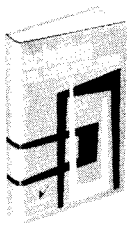

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enough, de Gaulle's grand design and cold calculations? Why did Soustelle not understand that his hero was pursuing basically leftist policies under traditional labels and a grand show of intransigent nationalism?

The present book indirectly gives the answer. Soustelle, a man of the Left before the war, has remained one. I do not mean that he would march down the Champs-Elysées arm-in-arm with Jean-Paul Sartre. He is not a hidebound ideologue, only a man who feels at home among the clichés of various good and great societies. Consequently his proposals for France on a "new road" sound like the quintessence of all the old proposals, not excluding a number of utopian slogans fit for *l'Express*. Example: "Few thoughts so depress me as the idea that millions of men and women are not and never will be what they could and should be. Einsteins and Bachs, Nietzsches and Pasteurs, Mallarmés and Whitmans vegetate and perish, ignored by everyone including themselves."

Soustelle's suggestions only *seem* new; in fact they are unrealistic. Nineteenth-century France (and even pre-Revolutionary France) was plagued by an Anglomania, whose adherents wished to transplant British institutions without the British temperament, habits of fair play, political empiricism, and indifference to ideologies. Napoleon knew that imitation was impossible in politics and scorned the ideologues who insisted otherwise. But with the return of the Bourbons (and the exiles who had lived in England) and under their successors, whether Louis-Philippe or Napoleon III, aping of the British was resumed. Now, in the second half of this century, Americomania is catching the fancy of the French governing class. Like all the presidential candidates in last December's elections, except de Gaulle, Soustelle (who, but for his exile, could have been one of them) advises his compatriots to establish a "presidential" regime, a Supreme Court, even a federal structure for the country's administration. He does not seem to realize that just as the parliamentary system in France degenerated into anarchy at the hands of the National Assembly, so the presidential system would very probably degenerate into a kind of impotent dictatorship (if one may put it so).

The rest of Soustelle's program is a hodge-podge of socio-economic tricks which have been in the air for years. Planification, but not too much, a better wage policy, class cooperation, and so on. And like everyone else, Soustelle wishes to reform the educational system. It is strange that Soustelle, who argues that the French are not so de-politicized as the General proclaims from the height of his contempt, nevertheless assumes popular agreement on all these points.

Where one may completely agree with Soustelle is in his short but devastating critique of Gaullist foreign policy. His views, while not original, are sound: in his first presidential term, the General managed to reduce the Empire to narrow, vulnerable dimensions, destroy Europe's best army, divide the nation, leave the Communist Party intact, alienate Germany, and provoke the United States without constructing a viable alternative to Washington's lame leadership.

Soustelle, then, is good as a critic but run-of-the-mill as a formulator of political programs. This very bright intellectual seems to lack imagination, a defect he shares with his fellow politicians Mollet, Mitterrand, Deferre, Lecanuet, and the rest of the cast. In contrast, de Gaulle's advantage is that he possesses imagination plus the energy to pursue his secret vision to the end (usually a bitter one).

And *voilà* the tragedy of France: her only larger-than-life statesman is, like the concept of the state he admires, a "cold monster." The others, who legitimately criticize, detest, or fear him—Soustelle and those of similar caliber—are unable to generate fire in the hearts and minds of their countrymen.

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Coffin Corner

FRANCIS RUSSELL

THE LOVED ONE! My mind goes back to the Paris winter of 1947, to my room in a mangy Left Bank hotel—no heat, no elevator or hot water running, and usually the electricity going off all over the city about five o'clock. I used to keep my duffle coat on with the hood up even indoors, in those days when one could still get the genuine naval-surplus ones from Gamages. Several afternoons a week my Irish friend Hugh would drop in, and after the lights failed we would head down the Boulevard Saint-

Michel to Duponts (*où tout est bon!*), slip the waiter twenty francs under the table for two empty cups and a pot of water so that we could mix our own Nescafé by candlelight. Nescafé had become the universal exchange medium, superseding cigarettes and supplanting etchings in the come-on jokes.

That was the winter Evelyn Waugh's *The Loved One* appeared, taking up a whole issue of Cyril Connolly's *Horizon*. I might have suspected that Waugh had something of the kind in mind after reading his article on American burial customs in the *Tablet*, but I did not. My first inkling was when Hugh came pounding on my door one early afternoon, a copy of the grey-covered magazine in his hand. "You must read this!" he almost shouted. "I'll leave it with you and be back in two hours. You can finish it by then."

Sprawled on the verdigrised brass bed, huddled under the hood of my dufflecoat and wearing mittens, I read through the afternoon, hypnotized by Waugh's corrosive wit. What a devil's own sharp eye he had, how he detested America, and how delightful did I—who loved America—find his dislikes. Of course his book is a caricature, like all his books: the Hollywood "Anglo-American tragedy" of

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Dennis Barlow, the young English poet turned animal mortician, and Aimée Thanatogenos, the death-lured corpse cosmetician of Whispering Glades. But it is a caricature that like a glittering knife cuts to the bone. It is cruel; and it is also a book that one cannot put down, a rare enough thing in our day. Hollywood, undertakers, hostesses, education, Mom—Waugh took the American measure in his unique way.

I never thought that Waugh's subtle wit would translate into the grosser medium of the film. And I feared the worst when I saw that *The Loved One* had been adapted by Terry Southern. Christopher Isherwood was also named as co-author, but I trust that the man who wrote *Goodbye to Berlin* was merely a fee-collecting adviser. The hallmark of the film is Southern's. There are those who maintain that his *Candy* is a witty book. I am not one of them. But the *Candy* touch, necessarily adulterated, is what distinguishes the film. The result is a prurient burlesque of Waugh's caricature. It does not cut to the bone. It does not cut at all.

"The Motion Picture With Something to Offend Everyone," the sign on the marquee smugly announced as I walked down Tremont Street towards the Beacon Hill Theater. Actually the film carefully stops short of really offending anyone except those like myself who are forced to see it. Embalming and burial customs are parodied, but in such an exaggerated form that no undertaker-mortician could take offense. Anything really trenchant has been whittled away. Seeing it, I kept thinking back to those hours while I read the book. It is an old cry, and one I keep raising, that book and film are often so little alike. Yet even when in this case they are not much alike, the film public has the right to expect something better as a mere matter of entertainment.

THE CURRENT FILM OPENS with a panorama of the Whispering Glades necropolis. Waugh described the tableau beyond its Golden Gates—the largest in the world—as a massive wall of marble sculptured in the form of an open book, with the words of founder Wilbur Kenworthy, the Dreamer, incised a foot high. In the film version a massive statue of Kenworthy—for some reason now called Glenworthy—has been added, through which is amplified a recording of his voice. And that beginning marks the difference between Waugh and Southern, between caricature and burlesque, between wit and witlessness. Waugh had his Sir Francis Hinsley—the Hollywood knight who had seen better days, and finally hanged himself—lying in his coffin with a monocle in his closed eye. Southern's suggestion is a male corpse with a pipe, or a female with a telephone.

Joyboy, the head embalmer of Whispering Glades and Dennis's rival for Aimée, had in Waugh's version an American mom of the familiar harridan variety, lean and mean. In the film she becomes a huge bedridden glutton, apparently for no reason at all except to give Director Tony Richardson a chance to work up a messy sequel to his eating scene in *Tom Jones*.

BEYOND HIS PREOCCUPATION with American burial customs Waugh had an implicit point that he made explicit in his next-to-last paragraph, as Dennis, with Aimée a suicide and cremated in his animal incinerator, was preparing to abandon Hollywood for England:

> On this last evening in Los Angeles Dennis knew that he was a favorite of fortune. Others, better men than he, had foundered here and perished. The strand was littered with their bones. He was leaving it not only unravished but enriched. He was adding his bit to the wreckage; something that had long irked him, his young heart, and was carrying back instead the artist's load, a great, shapeless chunk of experience; bearing it home to his ancient and comfortless shore; to work on it hard and long, for God knew how long.

The film *The Loved One* has no point. Instead Southern has clogged it with pornographic inanities. Kenworthy becomes a promoter of the Bobby Baker type, a go-getter trying to seduce if not rape Aimée to the accompaniment of animated lascivious pictures. Deciding that the Whispering Glades acreage might be used more profitably as a retirement home for the elderly, he is planning to remove the corpses and blast them into orbit by rocket. With Southern's rocketry ploy the U.S. Air Force is brought in. There is an orgy scene where concupiscent colonels and generals are led by Kenworthy into a coffin display room, the coffin lids spring open, and from each coffin a bosomy bunny-girl emerges. One of the coffins con-

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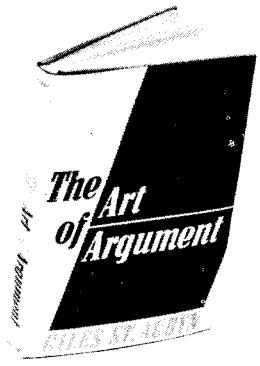

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tains a pretty boy. Ah, that old Southern touch! As for wit in toto, I must say we used to do better—minus the salacity—in the humorous page of the old Roxbury Latin School *Tripod*.

For the reviewer it seems pointless, if easy, to go through any more of the Waugh scenes that Southern has despoiled. Such actors as Robert Morley and John Gielgud do indeed seem to be wondering what they are doing in that celluloid gallery. But they at least are actors, whereas Rod Steiger as Joyboy, and the nasal Anjanette Comer as the Greek-haunted Aimée, are not. The only real light in this sorry production comes from Robert Morse who as Dennis, the young English poet and dog-roaster, actually succeeds in embodying the character that I visualized so long ago in my Paris room and that I am sure Waugh had in mind. An engaging young man and an actor with a future.

I took the vicar of my parish church with me to *The Loved One*. The picture didn't offend him. He even laughed once. Alas, the picture wouldn't even offend the casketicians. On our way up Tremont Street I told him I felt I had now done my Lenten penance in advance.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

ROMAN FOLLY, by Alice-Leone Moats (Harcourt, $4.50). Life too much for you? Worried about the A-bomb, Ho Chi Minh, *le grand Charles*? Want to forget it all and have yourself a lark? It's easy as turning to Alice-Leone Moats' rollicking *Roman Folly*. Miss Moats, who has made her home in Rome for the past several years, has done for *la dolce vita Romana* roughly what P. G. Wodehouse did for "Bertie Wooster England," and laced her offering with touches reminiscent of La Mitford, at her *The Blessings* best. The plot, in brief: a sixteen-year-old American girl, an aerodynamic buff and talented motor mechanic, finds herself the PG (paying guest) of a Roman Dragon, Princess del Tevere, who is interested in only one thing: marrying off her indolent but charming nephew to A Fortune. The complications of the plot need to be read to be enjoyed, as six or eight Roman matrons (in a direct line from Lucrezia, not Cornelia) discover that the odd American child, usually to be found dickering with the insides of a Maserati, is one of that Vanishing Breed, the Rich Heiress—and it's tally-ho! (oops, *Avanti!*). As in Wodehouse, the wicked are confounded, the sneaky outfoxed, the pompous deflated and, also as in Wodehouse, the reader enchanted. *Ciao*, Miss Moats!

P. L. BUCKLEY

LETTER TO A CONSERVATIVE, by Steve Allen (Doubleday, $5.95). Unlike so many of his peers, Steve Allen means well and tries hard. Alas, his good intentions pave the usual road (politically, that is), and his efforts fail to extricate him from the sticky morass of Liberal preconceptions. His *Letter to a Conservative*, therefore, fails to communicate. His desire for discourse is admirable in a world where Liberals by and large, as Willmoore Kendall has put it, "refuse to engage in the discussion process." But his categories are so inbred that, try as one will, serious engagement with his book remains impossible.

F. S. MEYER

REPUBLIC IN CRISIS, by Alfred de Grazia (Federal Legal Publications, $7.95). The epic struggle of the Executive Force and the Republican Force—or more succinctly, President versus Congress—is the focus of a superb study by Prof. Alfred de Grazia. The author, a Republican, analyzes the decline of Congress as against the other branches. He offers luminous insights into the seniority system, filibusters, lobbies and the committee system, which subjects bills to successive constituencies. He dissects a number of "reforms" proposed to "streamline" Congress, and bares the underlying Executive Force motivation in many of them, such as the proposal to elect House members to four-year terms concurrently with the President. In two triumphant chapters, "The Myth of the President," and "The Executive Force," he demolishes virtually every rationale for executive expansion. He argues that Congress can move as fast or faster; that congressional deliberation produces sounder decisions; and that Congress, with its broad reaches into private life, understands reality better than insulated, specialized bureaucrats. His exploration of the psychology of bureaucrats (passive, dependent, in need of external authority to feel secure) is enlightening. Professor de Grazia feels the de facto power of Congress is perhaps two-thirds dissipated, but he doesn't think all is lost. In fact, he proposes reforms to strengthen the Republican Force, including vastly improved congressional intelligence, congressional tribunes, and an Inventory of Freedom and Restrictions, to show where we stand. "The Republican Force promises freedom, the Executive Force, certainty, security," he writes. "We . . . must say that the possibilities of a secure society providing freedom are less than that of a free society providing security. So it has been in history. . . ."

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Adjective pertaining to the originator of anything	1 208 181 167 158 156 116 3 20
B. A stench	16 49 43 174 138 207 82 70
C. What the wrong reverend called Mrs. James	18 117 89 10 23 98 120 4
D. A servant to Polonius	42 26 22 39 6 146 63 163
E. Type of speech (3 wds.)	44 83 104 50 40 95 27 66 140 196
F. Workshop made famous by Longfellow	60 87 203 28 92 64
G. Old Testament prophet and book	74 153 41 2 88 53 142
H. Youngest of twelve sons	155 99 176 25 124 190 147 114
I. One-time Interior secretary	160 29 21 109 79
J. Twelfth-night	170 108 175 121 90 157 58 84
K. One-time Michigan representative	209 126 54 131 86 71
L. What Marie Antoinette thought the poor Frenchman was	96 168 177 133 148 186 91 154 7
M. What one must cut to become sophisticated	33 119 191 115 195 8 139 162
N. After I learned to spell his name the Soviet fired him	78 179 55 45 81 185 32 198 201 169
O. Type of ecclesiastical succession	80 145 9 130 171 30 205 111 46

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
P. To disgust or sicken	110 34 72 161 135 56 194 210
Q. Prepared, as a candidate for office	5 67 97 100 73 107 59
R. A composition of which the initial letters of the lines, top to bottom, form words	51 68 125 172 204 112 11 136
S. A gambling game	132 69 101 35 113 12 150 137
T. An expenditure	65 141 102 75 57 182
U. A Moor who had an unfortunate amour	85 173 13 36 200 165 76
V. Harmony	93 128 188 77 118 37
W. Made a slip or error because of momentary inattentiveness	127 103 149 166 199 187
X. An ignominious state of disfavor (colloq.)	134 183 202 47 189 193 14 123
Y. Type of Civil War volunteer, Union army	52 15 164 61 94 129
Z. Abyssinia	144 105 151 38 192 122 62 206
a. Middle name of American writer, 1836-1902	24 143 17 178
b. Poetic for tears	159 106 152 19 48
c. What your uncle looks like when seen from top of Empire State Building (phonetic)	180 184 31 197

See page 129 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

							1 A		2 G	3 A	4 C	5 Q	6 D	7 L	8 M	9 O
	10 C	11 R	12 S	13 U		14 X	15 Y	16 B	17 a		18 C	19 b	20 A	21 I	22 D	
23 C	24 a	25 H	26 D	27 E	28 F		29 I	30 O	31 c	32 N	33 M	34 P	35 S	36 U	37 V	
38 Z	39 D		40 E	41 G	42 D		43 B	44 E	45 N	46 O	47 X		48 b	49 B	50 E	
51 R		52 Y	53 G	54 K	55 N	56 P		57 T	58 J	59 Q		60 F	61 Y	62 Z	63 D	
64 F	65 T	66 E	67 Q		68 R	69 S	70 B	71 K	72 P	73 Q	74 G		75 T	76 U	77 V	78 N
79 I		80 O	81 N		82 B	83 E		84 J	85 U	86 K		87 F	88 G	89 C	90 J	91 L
	92 F	93 V	94 Y	95 E		96 L	97 Q	98 C	99 H		100Q	101S	102T		103W	104E
	105Z	106b	107Q		108J	109I	110P	111O	112R	113S	114H	115M	116A	117C	118V	119M
	120C	121J	122Z	123X	124H	125R	126K	127W	128V	129Y	130O		131K	132S	133L	
134X	135P	136R	137S	138B	139M	140E	141T	142G		143a	144Z	145O	146D	147H	148L	149W
	150S	151Z	152b		153G	154L	155H	156A	157J		158A	159b		160I		161P
162M	163D	164Y	165U	166W		167A	168L	169N	170J		171O	172R		173U	174B	175J
176H	177L		178a	179N	180c	181A		182T	183X	184c		185N	186L	187W		188V
189X	190H	191M		192Z	193X	194P		195M	196E		197c	198N	199W		200U	201N
202X	203F	204R	205O	206Z	207B	208A	209K	210P								

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 97)

suggest a surplus, but only that revenues would grow by $7 billion, which they will.

Item. I said that tax reduction was regarded by some as a "residual" use of the prospective $50 billion revenue growth over five years, the part quoted by Mr. Hazlitt. He did not quote the part of my article in which I said that many men believed that tax reduction should have priority for its own sake. The article was neutral on this point, though no one reading Mr. Hazlitt's critique would know it.

Mr. Hazlitt is quite right in saying that the "fiscal drag" argument must take into account the public debt transactions that would occur in the case of an actual budgetary surplus. There is, as he says, no necessary drag. It all depends on what debt is eliminated, who holds it, etc.—which my article said (though admittedly briefly).

I'm sorry Mr. Hazlitt has turned angry. It is not worthy of him.

Washington, D.C. EDWIN L. DALE JR.

A Reply

Mr. Dale's *New York Times* article was entitled: "Uncle Sam's $50 Billion Surplus." Only, he wrote, "if Mr. Johnson successfully gets rid of next year's $7 billion, and the following year's $8 or $9 billion, and then the $9 or $10 billion of the year after that," could the country avoid a "slump." I simply pointed out that this surplus was a figment of Mr. Dale's imagination.

He now admits that his projection for the next five years had nothing to do with the real world, but was purely hypothetical. *If* the present overheated boom continued at the same rate, *if* taxes were not reduced, and *if* miraculously expenditures were not increased a dollar beyond the amounts already absolutely prescribed by present laws, then . . . etc., etc. Merely to jolt Mr. Dale back to realities, I pointed out that in the *last* five years actual tax revenues had risen an average of only $2.8 billion a year, whereas actual expenditures had soared an average of $5 billion a year.

Mr. Dale now thinks he wrote that "tax reduction was regarded by *some* as a 'residual' use," etc. He did not attribute this view to others; he stated it as his own: "Finally, there is the matter of tax cuts. In one sense, this can be regarded as a residual use of part of the $50 billion." It is the view that "tax reduction should have priority, rather than be regarded as a residual device," that he attributes to others, notably "conservatives."

Mr. Dale now says that his article "was written before it was clear that the entire revenue growth, and probably more, would be spoken for by defense and other demands." Before it was clear to whom? It may not have been clear to Mr. Dale, but it was clear to almost everybody else. I wrote: "So if, instead of viewing so complacently the revenue outlook for the next five years, and devising new ways of spending an imaginary $50 billion surplus, Dale had confined himself to an earnest study merely of the next fiscal year, he might have seen that the real problem was, not how to think up ways of spending a $7 billion surplus, but how to think up taxes to avoid a $10 to $14 billion deficit."

Yet my own article was written before the Johnson Administration had admitted the much bigger spending outlook for Vietnam, or that the deficit even in the current fiscal year might reach, instead of $5 billion, somewhere between $7 and $10 billion. My own figures were based on the already notorious record of Great Society authorizing, without even counting the Vietnam boost. They understated the seriousness of the budget outlook.

There is one major oversight in Mr. Dale's extrapolations that I did not even mention. He completely forgot that the same factors that create a "built-in" rise in government revenues—such as population growth and price and wage inflation—likewise create a "built-in" rise in government expenditures.

So much for the factual side. When this correspondence is published the official budget figures may in any case be known. They may even be realistic. My article was written chiefly to expose the fallacies even in the theoretical argument that a budget surplus is necessarily or even probably deflationary. But I do suggest that it was particularly irresponsible, when the government is running its sixth heavy deficit in succession, and facing still more ominous ones, to feed the American public a pipe dream about "Uncle Sam's $50 Billion Surplus."

Wilton, Conn. HENRY HAZLITT

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (January 25)

WARREN FLEISCHAUER

[THE THEME IS]

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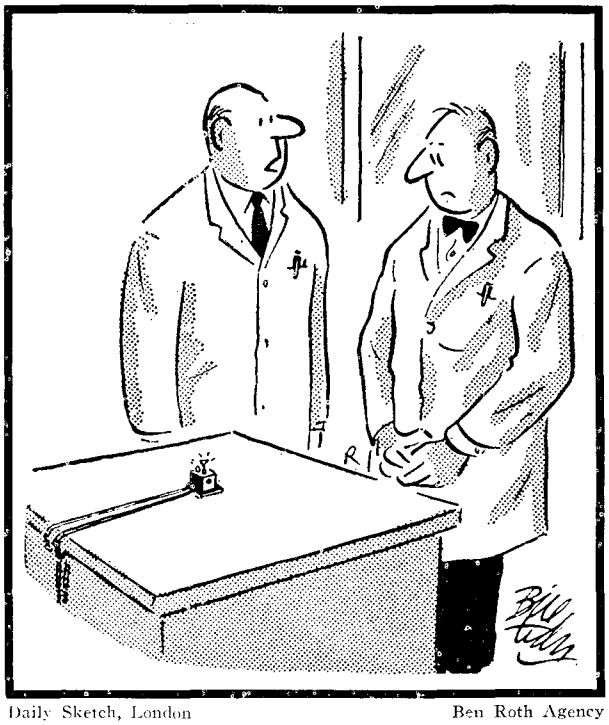
For The Record

Butterfly McQueen, 55 (who played Prissy so wonderfully well in "Gone With the Wind" and thanked God for Joe McCarthy and the FBI on the Mike Wallace show), is out of work in Augusta, Ga. . . . Already yet: Medicare (start-up July 1) has the nation's 5,600 pathologists at odds with the bureaucrats. They want to bill the patient direct, like other accredited physicians, not get paid on salary basis by hospital. And from Belgium, the sop-story of its 9,000 socialized physicians who demanded 25 per cent pay increase, got 5 per cent, may strike. . . . In the City Hall doghouse, despite disclaimers: Deputy Mayor Robert Price. His "request" that PD leave six top detective posts vacant seriously compromised Mayor John Lindsay's non-interference policy, earned Hizzoner his first public rap on the knuckles from watchdog (and stalking-horse) Council President Frank O'Connor.

Circulating in world capitals: pornographic letter over J. Edgar Hoover's signature. Forgery traced to Soviet State Security Service, which often plants scurrilous items with "special correspondent" taglines in newspapers worldwide. . . . Plans for House Foreign Affairs Committee hearings on American policy re apartheid stirring resentment in South Africa. One Afrikaans newspaper says Rep. Barrett O'Hara's group will be interfering in domestic affairs of a friendly nation, thinks maybe the South African Parliament ought to examine treatment accorded American Indians. . . . Morocco bleakly scouting other sources to replace French aid ($90 million/year) in event Ben Barka case forces diplomatic break. Samaritans all on French leave. . . . Australian suppliers sputtering over major U.S. contracts with Japan, Hong Kong, Singapore for Vietnam supplies while Aussies fight there. Sent McNamara a list of available goods in bid for more U.S. orders.

Whose Party? Ike's man Arthur ("A Republican Looks at His Party") Larson chaired a committee of eight Democrats working up recommendations for a negotiated Vietnam settlement. . . . Pennsylvania conservatives much disturbed over Scott-Scranton influence on this year's state Republican ticket. Widespread belief that S-S's price for endorsement of Ray Shafer for Gov. was



Daily Sketch, London — Ben Roth Agency

". . . Sorry, Johnson . . . you're being replaced by an electronic brain . . ."

his acceptance of Atty. Gen. Walter Allessandroni (for Lt. Gov.) and Commerce Sec'y. John Taber (for Internal Affairs Sec'y.). They're both ultra-Liberals, Allessandroni having OK'd the famous Scranton letter to Goldwater in San Francisco, and Taber, as ACLU public relations director, having toured Pennsy with the anti-HUAC film. . . . Rubber stamp? Fortnight ago Ian Smith's government issued (and sold the first day) five million stamps celebrating UDI. 20,000 were a Churchill portrait series, overprinted "Independence November 11, 1965."

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This triangle marks the Krona Comfort Edge–only Schick has it. The edge is the working part of a razor blade. The more perfect the edge, the better the shave.

Now, those new thinking folks at Schick have put together three developments to create the Krona Comfort Edge. Called that because it adds extra comfort to the long life of stainless steel.

New Micro-grain Steel.
First, our scientists helped develop a new super stainless steel with smaller, more uniform particles. Called micro-grain, it takes an edge that's sharper, smoother, longer lasting.

New 1000 Foot Strop.
Next, to assure consistent quality, we added a thousand extra feet of stropping in a precision machine. And that's on each edge of our double edge blades.

New Polymer Coating.
Then we developed an extremely smooth polymer coating. This is the most friction-free substance known to man, bonded to the metal with intense heat in a secret process.

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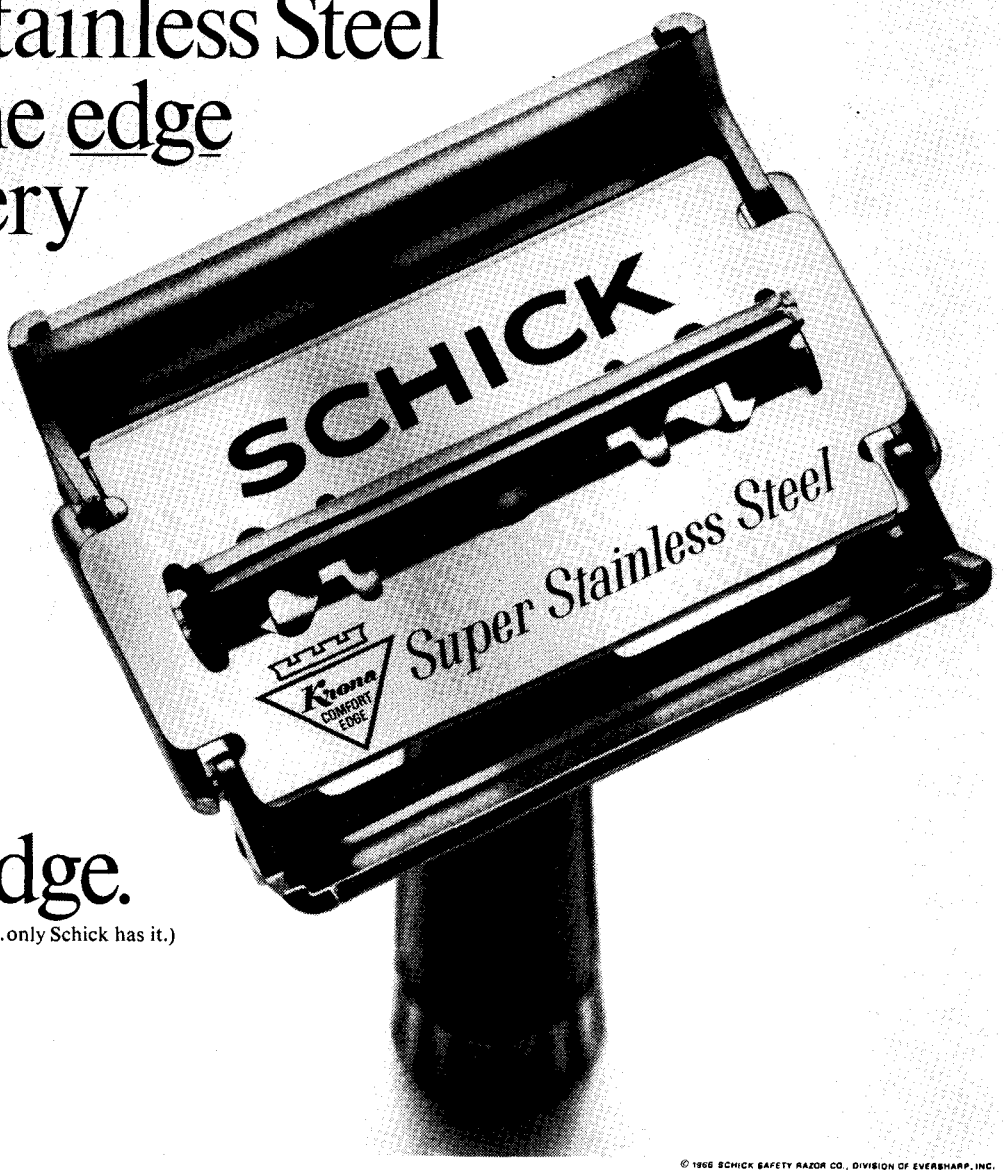

The edge.

(The Krona Comfort Edge...only Schick has it.)

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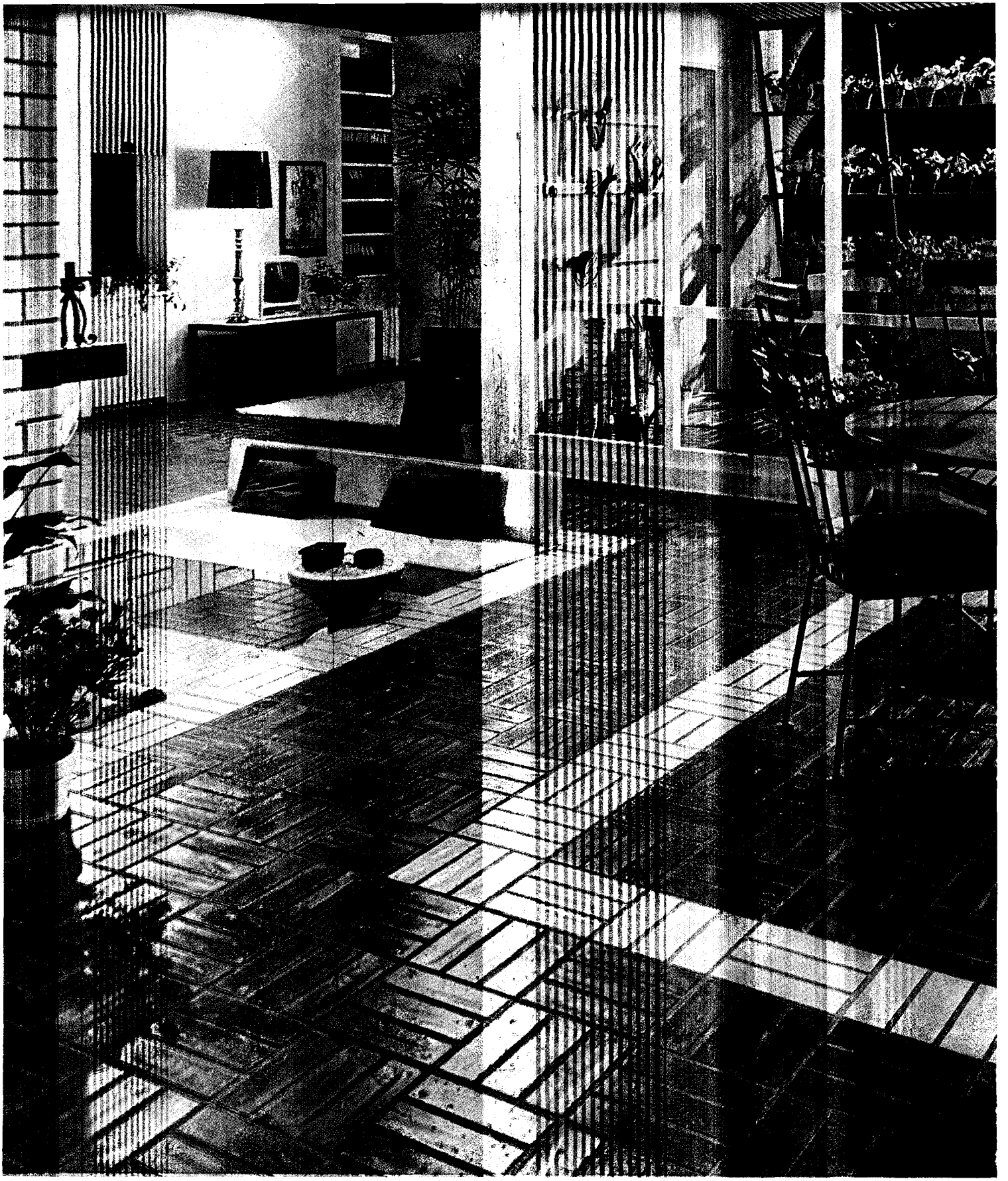

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